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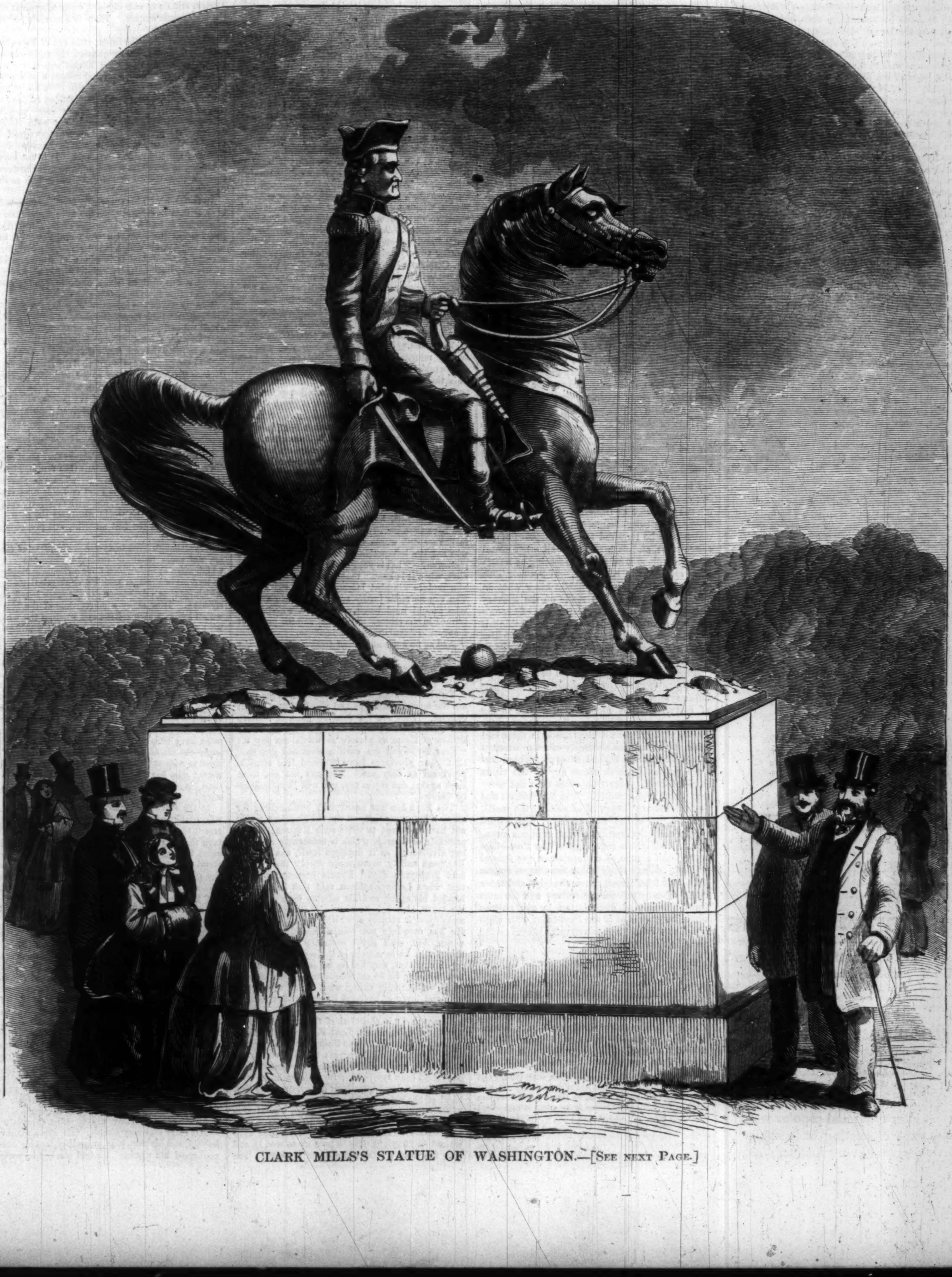


CLARK MILLS'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

CLARK MILLS'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

We engrave on the preceding page Clark Mills's Equestrian Statue of Washington, which is to be inaugurated on 22d inst. at the federal capital. It is proposed that the pedestal (which will be submitted for the adoption of the next Congress) shall be of marble, about twenty-five feet in height to be divided into three stories, illustrating the three great epochs in the history of the country, the figures to be executed in bronze. The first story is to represent the country as it appeared on its first discovery, when inhabited by the Indians; the second story, its general aspect under the changes wrought by the hand of civilization; the third and last story, the great revolutionary struggle—to be surmounted by the colossal statue of Washington.

The first story is seen in low relief. The Indian is represented as engaged in his favorite sports—capturing the buffalo, pursuing the moose and deer, and cultivating his corn and tobacco. The first panel of the second story is in high relief. The white man appears cutting his way into the dense forest, with hope and prosperity beaming on his countenance. In a corner of the same panel, the Indian is seen retiring—looking wistfully back, loth to leave his hunting-grounds, but obliged to fly before the face of civilization. In the second panel, the white man has cleared away the trees, erected his log cabin, and is cultivating his ground, symbolic of which are seen his oxen and plow. To show some of the difficulties which he had to encounter, here and there, from behind the trees the Indian is seen shooting him down with the very rifle which the white man taught him to use. This leads to a war. The next panel shows the battle with the Indians—man to man, arm to arm—but the white man is represented as gaining the ascendency. The next presents the symbols of his progress in agriculture, commerce, and the arts, and his comparative power and independence. At this stage fresh difficulties arise, and these are the troubles with the mother country. The next succeeding panel exhibits the three ship-loads of tea in Boston harbor, and white men, dressed as Indians, throwing the tea overboard. The next panel is the signing of the Declaration of Independence. This brings us to the third epoch, the Revolutionary War.

The third story is in full relief. Washington's Generals appear of the size of life. Eight of them are mounted on horseback; the rest are represented in groups, as if in consultation, holding a council of war.

The crowning figure in this great historical representation is the statue of the Father of his Country, represented as he appeared at the battle of Princeton, where, after attempting several times in vain to rally his troops, he put spurs to his horse and dashes up to the cannon's mouth. His terror-stricken horse stops and recoils, while the balls tear up the earth beneath his feet; but Washington, cool, calm, collected, and dignified, believing himself simply an instrument in the hands of Providence to work out the great problem of liberty, remains firmly seated, like a god upon his throne. The repose of the hero at this moment of imminent peril to his life contrasts admirably with the fearful agitation manifested by his noble but unreasoning steed, who is sustained by none of the considerations which impart courage to the hero and the Christian.

"DAISIES."

BY C. H. WEBB.

Our Lillie loved the spring-flowers,
  And often told their praises;
She loved the early blossoms,
  But most of all the daisies;
And when the twilight shadows
  Came with the silent hours,
She prayed to leave her cradle,
  And slumber with the flowers.

We pressed her eyelids gently,
  And hushed the little lisper;
But the wish was heard in heaven,
  And the angels caught the whisper:
So when the wondering sunbeams
  Were lost in leafy mazes,
We laid our little Lillie
  To sleep among the daisies.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1860.

THE NEW SERIAL BY CHARLES DICKENS.

In the next number of *Harper's Weekly* we shall publish the

SECOND JOURNEY
OF AN
Uncommercial Traveler,
BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

This new series promises to be the most interesting and popular work of the most interesting and popular of living writers in our tongue.

THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.

We can not approve the course of the United States Senate in tacking to the deferred Post-office Deficiency Bill a provision abolishing the franking privilege; for the simple reason, that the payment of a just debt should not be rendered contingent on the success of a doubtful reform movement. But no person who holds enlarged views of public policy can question the soundness of the principle involved in the Senate's scheme for the abolition of Congressional franking.

The franking privilege was created in the mistaken notion that it was for the public interest that members of Congress should be enabled to receive and to dispatch letters and printed documents without incurring expense. It was assumed that the public had not the means or sense enough to pay for what it wanted in the shape of Congressional documents, and that members of Congress, in communicating with their constituents or the public at large, ought to be enabled to do so without charge.

There are a few cases in which the above principle may hold good. When a member of Congress writes to seek information of a citizen at a distance, or when a citizen volunteers such information in order to guide the member in legislating for the public good, it would be unjust to throw either upon the member or the citizen the expense of postage. Such communications between members of Congress and private citizens should still be carried at the public expense.

But the necessity existing in this case is far from extending to the bulk of the matter which now passes through the mails under Congressional franks. Without alluding to private parcels, which are notoriously carried great distances at the public cost, it is well known that the bulk of the franked matter now intrusted to the mails consists of Congressional speeches and electioneering documents. It is utterly unreasonable to seek to throw upon the public at large the duty of paying for the transmission of such matter as this. To the public it is a matter of indifference which political party triumphs at elections, or what Congressional orator establishes a reputation for eloquence or patriotism. These considerations concern parties and individuals; and upon those parties and individuals the expense of the adventure should fall. It is monstrously unjust to tax the people of the United States to pay for the transportation of party speeches or personal puffs: to collect money from people in Georgia for the carriage of Senator Sumner's anti-slavery harangues, or to tax the citizens of Massachusetts for the dissemination of Senator Toombs's appeals for a Southern confederacy.

The true plan would seem to be to modify—not to abolish—the franking privilege: to leave to the chairman of each Congressional committee the privilege of franking, or receiving free of charge, all documents, printed or otherwise, which may be required for the purposes of his committee; and with regard to all other postal matter, to place it on the same footing as letters from merchant to merchant. If Senator This or That desires to let the public know what an admirable speech he has made on the Slavery question, let him pay the postage out of his own pocket; or if the leaders of his party think it worth while, let them bear the expense. But in no case—save in the one we have mentioned—should the cost fall on the public.

There can be no real solution to our Post-office difficulty except by the abolition of the Post-office system, and the transfer of the business of carrying letters and printed matter to the common carriers of merchandise. Over a year has elapsed since we demonstrated in these columns the monstrous absurdity of a Government Post-office in the United States; nothing has since appeared which alters any of the views then set forth. Our Post-office does not carry letters safely or speedily. The postmasters and their clerks are suspected of robbing the mails, and the public has no remedy. The Postal system costs the country several millions annually. Finally, the patronage of the Post-office is the chief source of corruption in our federal politics. Every thing which the present system does would be better, more cheaply, and more safely done by private enterprise; and the most fruitful source of degradation in our politics would be got rid of if the Post-office were abolished, and letters and newspapers placed on the same footing as parcels.

☞ We have received the report of the Kentucky Institution for the Blind for 1858 and 1859—a most interesting document. The institution is mainly supported by the State—a very creditable thing for Kentucky. Last year it gave instruction to 51 pupils—16 males and 35 females—at a cost of nearly $10,000. In alluding to the expenses of the year the report says:

> "We will allude, in this connection, with the highest satisfaction, to an important item of the ordinary expenses of this Institution, for which, so far as our information extends, no similar institution in the world is authorized by law to provide. In the year 1850, in accordance with the recommendation of Dr. T. S. Bell—a gentleman who gratuitously gave to the Institution his valuable services as physician for several years, and whose unwearied devotion to the interests of the Institution as a trustee, during the eighteen years of its existence, is well known to the people of Kentucky, and most gratefully appreciated by the pupils—the Legislature passed an act, alike honorable to the distinguished gentleman who suggested it and to the State and the age in which we live, authorizing the officers of the Institution to present to every graduate, in the name of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, a copy of the entire Bible, printed in raised letters for the blind. Although no special provision has ever been made by the State to meet the cost of these very expensive donations to the graduates, but, on the contrary, the amount required for this purpose is, in the language of the aforesaid act, 'considered and accounted as an item of the ordinary expenses of the Institution,' we have ever regarded the act as one of the most benevolent and commendable ever enacted by any Legislature in behalf of the blind."

THE LOUNGER.

A WORD WITH THE H. R. R. R.

It is about four or five weeks, Dear H. R. R. R., since a shocking and unnecessary accident, resulting in loss of life, took place near—let us say for the sake of the argument—near Tarrytown. It was occasioned first by a defective locomotive, and, second, by a defective brakeman. The thing was perfectly plain, so very plain, indeed, that even a Coroner's Jury could not help seeing it. The inference in the foolish public mind was that greater care would be taken; and no more defective locomotives would be used at least immediately.

On Saturday, the 11th February, 1860, Dear H. R. R. R., the train arrived from the West at Albany, and after scrambling across the river (a transit which reflects the highest credit upon our civilization, as the whole current of travel upon the continent is suddenly confused there by want of a proper bridge, in order that an occasional sloop may get aground above the venerable city) the passengers took the train which came down from Troy at 4½ P.M. There was some delay in leaving East Albany, because the locomotive had burst some pipe. Another was linked to the train and away we went. The first stopping-place was Stuyvesant, where we remained so long that several passengers stepped out to ascertain why. The why was a hot box. After about twenty minutes we started and ran on to Hudson. There we waited another twenty minutes. "What is the matter, Mr. Conductor?" "Hot box, Sir." "Hope we are not to be in a hot box all the way to New York." The conductor smiled most cheerfully—"Hope not, Sir; but there was no water-tank at Stuyvesant."

Away we went again, having lost forty minutes since the hour of departure from Albany. The next station was Tivoli—known among brakemen as Tie-vo-lie. Here more hot box and another twenty minutes, and the question now was, how comfortably can we pass the night upon the train? This time no conductor was visible. Off again, and another stop at Rhinebeck; a full stop, indeed; a period to the journey. There was great tinkering here, and at length it was announced that we should wait for the up-train, and that Poughkeepsie had been telegraphed for a fresh locomotive. So we waited and chatted, and the smokers smoked, and the oyster eaters ate oysters at the saloon by the station, and after the up-train passed us we started again with our fresh power, and reached New York a little more than two hours behind our time.

Accidents will happen, Dear H. R. R. R., and you have been usually too faithful in your service to have rough words used toward you; but why was not the locomotive at East Albany in perfect condition? What is your name worth among travelers, when it is known that at one of your termini you replace disabled locomotives by the same? You can no more justify such a fact than a tailor who should send home a new coat with a hole burned in the elbow. Accidents will happen—but for some accidents there is no excuse.

And so no more at present from your friend the Lounger.

THE POLITE LETTER-WRITER.

The letters of the Emperor Napoleon to the Pope are the most remarkable and significant of recent epistles. They are the final chapters of About's and Guerroniere's pamphlets; and they say to the Bishop of Rome as plainly as words can say it: "Dear Sir,—You are such a wretched governor that your provinces have revolted like sensible provinces as they are. You can not get them back again; and if you try, you will be ridiculously worsted."

The Pope has not heard such truth-telling for many a long year. Even the old Napoleon would not have ventured to write such a letter; for the principle of liberty, which is constantly remodeling civilization as it develops itself, has affected European society much more deeply than in the first Emperor's day. Events incessantly show that when Louis Napoleon said that he comprehended his epoch and his mission he was telling the truth, although he expressed it in that florid and dramatic manner of which Crapeau is so fond. He has certainly not secured confidence in advance, but with equal certainty every month shows that he is master of the settlement of Europe; and that, whether he be an honest man or not, whether he be ambitious and selfish or not, he is undoubtedly doing what every thoughtful man and lover of national liberty wishes to have done.

If any body is skeptical of this point, let him remember what a botch Lord Palmerston made in 1848 when he undertook to tinker the Italian question. He sent private agents to all parts of the peninsula; he fomented popular movements; he expressed open sympathy; revolutions broke out; blood flowed; and after long disturbance the iron hand of the old tyranny fell upon the land more heavily than ever. Lord Palmerston was always on the watch for a favorable moment—a happy conjuncture of events. My Lord Micawber only waited for the right time to turn up to step in and give the word for the millennium to begin. The consequence was that Italy was excited, aroused, defeated, and bitterly indignant, as if the Micawber foreign policy were a kind of political thimble-rig.

Now Louis Napoleon *makes* the right time, and secures the happy turn of events. He was not enthusiastically greeted by Italy when he descended the Alps last summer. Italy remembered Orsini, and asked, doubtfully, "Is it a smile I see shining on his lips or a sword in his hand?" At the best, Italy thought that the union of Savoy with France was not so bad as the domination of Austria over the whole country. Then came the quick succession of brilliant battles. Austria was to be driven headlong into the Adriatic, when the truce of Villafranca burst in the midst of Italian hope like a bomb in a camp, and all Italy cried, "Treason! treason!"

Was it treason? Read by the light of to-day was that treaty treason? Is not the Italian question, which, as including the Pope, is the most perplexing of all the questions, nearer solution today than ever before? Is not Italy at this moment nearer to national independence than it has ever been before? While the Austria into which the old Napoleon was forced to marry, since he could not subdue it, now totters and reels before the new Napoleon, who tears the treaty by which Austria and its friends dictated dismemberment of the Napoleonic empire. There is a terrible poetic justice in events.

When Napoleon the Silent rode out of Paris toward Italy last year, we claimed the right of declining to believe that Dick Turpin was springing upon his horse to gallop off and relieve a poor widow, as he said he was going to do. We did so because Richard had not hitherto ridden to the relief of poor widows. But now, as every month illuminates his career, how can any man fairly deny him the praise of sagacity and happy results? It is not necessary to consider him the greatest and best and most humble of mortals. It is not even necessary to deny him a vast ambition, nor to deny that an immense work yet remains for him to do at home.

In fact, with all his surprising foreign success, it is clear that Louis Napoleon has not yet conquered confidence at home. The severe censorship of the press is but the symptom of an entire system of social suppression which is not consonant with permanent peace. And it is this domestic state of affairs which suggests the suspicion that his foreign policy is intended to dazzle and distract his own nation rather than to benefit any other.

But whatever the intention may be, the results are written in the increasing sense of confidence in a natural and peaceful solution of the complication of European affairs. To understand his significance in those politics, fancy that he died suddenly. Would the great cause of national liberty in Europe deplore his loss or rejoice at it? Surely an Emperor who writes such letters to the Pope is not likely to betray the cause of the people, although he may not work for it in the received popular way.

HEROISM.

The history of death-beds shows that most men die bravely; and it is notorious that few criminals shrink under the gallows. So when conspicuous victims fall—like Charles First or Louis Sixteenth—they behave so calmly, and with such lofty resignation, that half the world measures the men by their conduct at the last moment, and pronounces them martyrs.

But although these instances are impressive they are not more touching than the unknown cases which meet us all—which have no historic dignity, no interest of name, or position, or association—and which for that very reason are the more heroic and striking. How many a martyrdom of the heart, we all know, which softens and subdues the whole life; and in comparison with which it would be a relief to the victim to lay her head under the sharp, swift axe! How many a parent is tortured and tried, through long weary years, by the misconduct and vice of a child, who would think it happiness to have no other suffering than imprisonment and death! Charles First takes leave of his children, weeps, prays—and his head drops amidst the tears of half a nation and the regret of posterity; and yet in all our experiences how many a man there must have been who was as suddenly and shockingly cut off as Charles, without the chance of a word to wife or child—without provision made for them: who has no prestige, and no other mention than his alphabetical place in the newspaper obituary!

In the same way, how many people there were who gladly paid two dollars to see an actress represent the woes of an unhappy woman, who would turn the very same woman from their doors if she came to beg a penny! Blind old Belisarius may stand perpetually appealing in the engraving upon the parlor wall, and we secretly think it a good lesson of charity and sympathy for the children; but how many of us look with any admiration upon the living Belisarius asking an obolus at the door?

I thought of these things lately when traveling upon a railroad in the interior of the State. It was a wintry sunset, and the black bare trees stood rigid against the bright sky. "Please, gentlemen, show me a seat," was said in a low clear voice. We all turned from the windows and saw a young man, evidently totally blind, standing in the aisle of the car. He was very poorly dressed, and held a small traveling-bag in one hand and a cane in the other. The seat by me was vacant, and I took his hand and drew him in. He seated himself quietly, and said nothing but "Thank you, Sir." The tone, as before, was so calm and manly, so entirely free from whine, and there was something so profoundly sad in the expression of the young man's face, that I began to talk with him, although he was evidently perfectly willing to remain silent, and did not seek in any way to enlist sympathy.

His story was very simple. He was a moulder, he said, and his thin, pale, unhealthy-looking hands confirmed his words. He had worked in various places, and a year ago last December was engaged in the casting of a huge cylinder, when an explosion took place, and the hot sand was blown into his eyes, burning the optic nerves, while a heavy piece of metal struck his body, causing a rupture. When he could move the company gave him some money—about a hundred and thirty dollars—and he made his way West from Baltimore, where he was injured, to consult some oculist of whom he had heard. All the last summer he was trying to get relief, but was gradually convinced that what he was told was true, and that his sight was gone forever. For some time he remained passive under the shock of this conviction, and then started from Chicago alone to make his way to New Hampshire, where he would find friends. I met him at Rome, in New York, and he said that he had come so far mainly by the kindness of conductors and inn-keepers. "They usually pass me on," he said, "and the hotel-keepers give me a bed and breakfast for nothing." When I asked him if he had no money at all, he said that at that moment he had none, and was going on to the next town where there were iron-works, for the workmen generally made up a little sum among them to help him forward. When the conductor came the young man stated his case, and the impression of his honesty was so unavoidable that the conductor not only freely passed him, but returned and talked with him, and advised him where to go for the night upon arriving at the next town. Upon talking further, he said that it was very lonely and tedious to be so suddenly helpless, but that people were generally kind, and when he reached his friends in New Hampshire he should begin to learn some trade at which he might work in the dark. There was nothing querulous in his voice or manner, but the same gravity of tone which I saw in the tranquil sadness of his expression; for it seemed as if his power of smiling had gone with that of seeing.

He had a rough stroke upon arriving at the next town. It was late at night, and I found a man to show me the way to the nearest tavern. We led the blind man into the bar-room, when the landlord, a surly man—who evidently regarded our guide as a runner who brought him only unprofitable customers—swore at him loudly for bringing a blind man into the house. The runner defended himself, and I talked with the landlord, holding reason in my hand to which he soon yielded; but the runner refused even a penny for helping a blind man to the door.

There are plenty of blind men. The mishaps of every day make more. Then more should be the pity. We who have all our senses and opportunities are sadly troubled if our rose-leaves are crumpled. And although it is poor comfort, when we have broken an arm, to be told that we might have broken both legs, yet it will help us to bear our own griefs with fewer sobs if we think of the patient, silent heroism all around us.

THE LEGISLATURE UPON WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

PROBABLY we have all had our little joke at "Woman's Rights"—as if there were no such things, or as if they had all they were entitled to have: we men, of course, being the judges. We are not offended, somehow, when Shakespeare makes Portia appear as the wise young Judge, although we know she is a woman disguised. We are not shocked to think of Hypatia lecturing in Alexandria; of Queen Elizabeth reviewing the troops at Tilbury; of Angelica Kauffman and Rosa Bonheur painting; of Mrs. Damer, the Princess Marie of Orleans, and Hattie Hosmer carving statues; or of Malibran, Jenny Lind, and little Patti singing. We feel that they were all doing what they had the right to do, because they had the power of doing it well.

Will any political philosopher inform us why, if Rosa Bonheur should happen to marry (as even the best of women sometimes do) an idle, dissolute, vagabond husband, he should have the right to squander all the money she earned by her work for the gratification of his appetites, leaving her and her children, if she were unfortunate enough to have any, at the mercy of his caprices? And yet that has been virtually the state of things in this State, and in what the world itself, with amusing vanity, calls "the civilized world," down to the present time—modified now and then, but not in any radical manner.

That radical change, however, is now about to be made. Bills have been ordered to the third reading in both houses of our Legislature "which fully recognize," says the *Times* correspondent, "the right of a married woman to the fruits of her own toil; giving her exclusive control of her own earnings." This is simply just and honest, and it ought to have been done long ago. Moreover, it is the sign of the working of a principle which will lead to other great reforms in the relation of the sexes. To the women who have felt the grinding operation of the old system and have protested, as well as to those who spoke for them, we men have always complacently responded, "Come, come, strong-minded darlings! go home and rock your cradles. Don't unsex yourselves, dears, by meddling with things you know nothing about!" A poor washerwoman, who has toiled and drudged the whole week to earn money to buy food for her children, comes home on Saturday night, and the husband takes her wages to buy rum, and brings shame, and sorrow, and death into the house. She knows nothing about it, of course. She unsexes herself if she complains, and tries to feed and save her children. It is only husbands who understand these matters. Wives are fragile flowers committed to their tender nursing. The Heaven-appointed sphere of woman is home.

Very well. Let us grant that. But let us also take care that it be true. If her sphere be the home, she has the right to rule in it; and if she keep it going—if without her wages (overlooking for a moment the fragile flower theory) there be no home at all—surely she is to be mistress of the disposition of those wages.

This is a truth so simple and lustrous that even legislating husbands have at length perceived it, and they are taking measures that it shall have the fortification of law. Of the ability and opportunity of women to earn wages Mrs. Dall has given the most interesting and striking details in her late calm little work of which the Lounger spoke nearly two months ago.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR MARCH.

THE Lounger has seen no better edited number of a magazine than *Harper's* for March. Mr. Stoddard's stirring ballad of "Valley Forge" is fitly illustrated by Chapin's spirited drawing. It would be hard to say whether the drawing was made for the poem or the poem for the drawing, in such strict harmony have Poet and Artist wrought. Tennyson's classic poem of "Tithonus" is a notable feature of this number; but the Lounger has seen nothing better than the genial tribute which Thackeray pays to Irving and Macaulay. Those who have been wont to look upon Thackeray merely as a keen satirist of vices and follies, may correct their notions by reading the touching record which he gives of the two men whose recent death has left such a void in the literature of our English tongue.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—R. IRVING P. "An Ode to a Friend's Old Hat" would provoke universal sympathy more than admiration. It is full of truthful feeling.

MY LADY'S SLIPPER.

I FOUND it at the foot of a rock beside an old forsaken saw-mill; originally the prettiest bit of delicate bronze kid in the world, ornamented with a coquettish velvet rosette, but now bespattered and bespangled with cruel clay, and with a slight rent on the left quarter, as though the foot it once encased had torn itself away by violence, and left the little thing to perish. It was a mute appeal to my chivalry, and with Quixotic valor I fished it out of the obstinate mire, with the ivory eagle's beak that tips my walking stick, and proceeded to wipe away the disfiguring marks of its dishonor with my unread morning paper.

I suppose I had passed this old mill a score of times during the past three weeks, and yet I had never given it more than a careless glance until this very serene but sultry August morning, when the cool even sound of dropping water invited to a closer investigation of its peculiar beauties. The great mill-wheel was tufted with yellow moss; it ran up and down the rough boards; it peered from between crevices; it overhung the roof; it twined itself around the stump of an aged elm, playfully determined to get the upper hand of every thing unsightly, and to cover the traces of decay with its tender fingers. There was also an abundance of drooping yellow blossoms, lady's ear-drops the children call them, and a long line of stately cardinal flowers, magnificent in their robes of bright crimson. I am neither artist nor poet, and yet I experienced a very agreeable sensation of inward satisfaction as I surveyed the dropping water, the huge mill-wheel, the clinging moss, the gay flowers, and the slipper in my hand. I am somewhat given to dreaming in moments of idleness, and so, as I turned the latter article over and over, I brought forth from some inner shrine of my heart a certain ideal woman, of whom I had been long enamored, and slipped it on her foot. It fitted to a T. My lady—the ideal, was a small creature, a Titania in fact, crowned with sunny hair that rippled and floated over her dimpled cheeks and fair shoulders; she had the softest of blue eyes, the dewiest of lips, the loveliest of hands; and I pictured her standing beside the old mill-wheel, her hat hanging by its azure strings, her hair in beautiful confusion, her hands full of blossoms (for, of course, the cardinal-flowers had lured her hither), her cheeks flushed—not blowzed—her lips pouting with vexation as the mud-embedded slipper refused to return to its allegiance; and so vivid was my fancy I was on the point of leaping across the stream to her rescue, when a slimy, shining, villainous snake wriggled out from the tall grass close to my feet and restored my scattered senses. I put an untimely end to his existence, tucked the slipper into the breast pocket of my coat, and gathering a bunch of cardinal-flowers, made my way back to my lodgings at the village inn.

Hitherto my observations at table had been confined to my immediate neighbors. I knew that the man on my right was a yellow dyspeptic, who drank spring water and ate stale bread; my *vis-à-vis* was a fussy, fleshy woman, with an immense quantity of showy jewelry, while the neighbor on my left was an elderly young lady in false curls and gold bowed spectacles. Further than these my eyes had not wandered, but now I had an object. Perhaps my Cinderella was dwelling under the same roof, partaking of the same fare and at the same table with me, and I had not beheld her! I walked hotelward in a contemplative yet exalted frame of mind, ascended to my room on the second floor, deposited my bouquet in the yellow and green earthen mug that ornamented the wash-hand stand, and was proceeding to examine my person in the seven by nine inch looking-glass, when there fell a hasty rap on the door, followed by the intrusion of a black lace cap, trimmed with snuff-colored ribbons, which I recognized as the property of my landlord's good wife. She was in a puff of excitement, and burst forth with,

"There! I'm glad to see *you*, Doctor!"—She was always particular to call me Doctor.—"Come right along to No. 5, and see to that poor dear Miss What's-her-name. Don't stop to prink, for she'll never know whether you are black or gray. She's in such pain."

"Cholera morbus?" I suggested.

"Lor' no, child—ankle!" with disagreeable emphasis on the "child."

I followed Mrs. Kyes across the entry, and was met on the threshold of No. 5 by Miss What's-her-name's maternal relative in tears. She had put her daughter to bed, drawn down the scant curtains of sixpenny patch, and filled the room with spirits of camphor and hartshorn. "Georgianne is always in trouble," she sighed, "she is so daring; and now she has sprained her—her—do look, Doctor!"

In a moment the delicate ankle was shrinking and trembling in my hand, sadly inflamed and rapidly swelling. I dispatched Mrs. Kyes for wormwood and vinegar, and ventured a glance at the pillow; but there was visible only a vail of long, rich, black hair, escaped from fillet and comb, and running wild over Miss Georgianne's face and the red and green bed-spread. I confess to the secret hope that this lady might not prove the Cinderella; for the midnight hair could belong to none other than a brunette, with wide-open, mischievous, tormenting black eyes and numberless coquettish airs and graces—the exact opposite to my delicious Hebe. Nevertheless, I had the curiosity to examine the hotel book when at liberty, and there I learned that No. 5 was occupied by Mrs. Ward Effingham and daughter, of Albany.

That evening, according to my established habit, I lounged out upon the balcony in my dressing-gown to enjoy a cigar and the starlight, and dream of the possibilities arising from the bit of a slipper that lay helpless in my pocket. I am ready to affirm that the thought of open windows or the vicinity of No. 5 did not occur to my mind until Mrs. Effingham's voice smote upon my innocent ear.

"Pah! that disgusting cigar! Georgie, love, does it make you faint?"

"Not in the least, mamma; I like it."

"It must be *that* young Stebbins. I'm worried to death lest he shouldn't pursue the proper treatment with your ankle. I don't believe he ever had a patient before."

"He was gentle enough," in a sleepy tone from Miss Georgianne.

"Hum! I don't like his brusque manner; evidently unused to society; came in this morning in a linen blouse and no neckerchief, and his hair all over his ears."

"Then I shall just like him, mamma! I never could endure your *prim* men. To-morrow I shall look at him—but I'm going to sleep now." And so she drowsed off, and I retired to my room to muse on the shock my vanity had received.

Georgianne Effingham was a beautiful young woman; but having admitted that I am neither artist nor poet, no one will anticipate a minute description of her charms. It is sufficient to say that, at the first glance I had of her face, I struck my colors; blue-eyed Hebe vanished, and graceful, living, breathing Diana floated into her niche.

Mrs. Effingham would, henceforth, have made a capital chairman of a Vigilance Committee. She was bland as a June morning, unruffled as a pond by moonlight, soft as a zephyr, but neither motion, glance, nor whisper escaped her twinkling green eyes. To begin with, she wasn't half pleased with Dick Stebbins, *vide* colloquy with Georgianne above mentioned; but when she found his professional calls assumed the character of unprofessional visits, and the chess-board was brought into requisition, and sundry volumes of poetry and prose and bouquets of wild flowers followed in rapid succession, she became seriously alarmed. What in the world was a young man worth who persisted in wearing linen coats and no mustache! I enjoyed her exceedingly, kept my own counsel, persisted in beguiling the tedium of Miss Georgianne's confinement by every means in my power, and made a final *coup-d'etat* by taking her out for a drive as soon as she was able to walk down stairs.

Our good host fitted up the team, a veritable "one horse shay" tackled to the meekest of old animals, warranted safe in harness and free from tricks. It was near sunset of a charming day, and Miss Effingham was in the gayest of moods. We drove circuitously to the village post-office over a new road cut through a piece of woodland, and along the margin of a bright little pond, stopping by the way to gather berries and flowers, until Georgianne's hands and lap were full. She was busy arranging them just as we came out on the old road, close by the saw-mill. At sight of the great wheel she gave a bit of a start, and cried out with pretty eagerness,

"There are Cardinal flowers growing down there; please get me some! they are just what I want to set off these pale blossoms."

"How *can* you know, Georgie?" You perceive I had slipped up along through the Miss Effingham, Miss Georgianne, Miss Georgie, until I had reached the pleasant summit, Georgie, and was in blissful anticipation of that notch of felicity when the name should be prefixed by the possessive pronoun.

At first she blushed; then, raising her frank dark eyes to mine, she said, with charming *naiveté*, "I've been here before. Somewhere down by that great rock I sprained my ankle and lost a luckless slipper. I was after Cardinal flowers then, but had to give them up."

This was just the moment I had anticipated for the last ten days. I had planned half-a-dozen of nice speeches to be used on the occasion; more than once I had dreamed of it; and yet, now it had come, I was hopelessly, totally dumb. Georgianne waited while I went for the flowers; she received them with beaming smiles, and prattled away as artlessly as though I were not in a fever of awkward embarrassment.

There was a letter at the office for Miss Georgianne Effingham.

"From Harry!" she cried, enthusiastically. "I'm so glad his ship is in!" And she pushed the missive down into the little pocket of her blue silk gown.

"You might read," said I, tartly. "I can hold your bouquet and drive too."

"No, thank you. I will wait until we are home," with a roguish smile. "I shall have the double pleasure of anticipation, and—"

"Confound your anticipations!" It was out before I thought, and Georgie was shocked; but I could not help it. We drove home in profound silence. At the door of the hotel I ventured to beg her pardon, and she granted it like a dear good girl; but she had a grieved look about the mouth and eyes that made me ashamed of myself.

I was off the next morning before sunrise fishing with old Kyes, the first time for many a day; absolutely I didn't feel fit to stay under the same roof with Georgie. I had a good opportunity for reflection between dawn and three o'clock in the afternoon, and it brought me to the following important conclusion. If Georgie loved me, she would not lay up my bit of rudeness; if she didn't, it was best I should know it at once; so I gathered a bunch of pure white water-lilies for an offering of peace, and returned with hopeful steps to the inn. I would wave all ceremony; she had seen me in my rough fishing suit before, and pronounced it charming; so I rushed up stairs, three steps at a bound, and pushed open the door of No. 5.

Miss Effingham was sitting on the lounge beside a whiskered, mustached, imperialed man, who had his arm around her slender waist, and so preoccupied were they as not to observe the intruder. Not so the bland, serene mamma. I caught the triumph in her green eyes, and, turning on my heel, banged the door after me, and retreated to my room, where I hurled the unfortunate flowers at the water-pitcher, and tore up and down like a madman, contemplating the various implements of self-destruction within reach with savage satisfaction. After a while I grew calmer, and decided to suspend action until I should prove to Miss Georgianne that I was not to be trifled with.

So I took a book and sauntered down to the piazza. Presently a pair of horses were led round to the door, and in another moment I heard voices and laughter on the stairs. Georgie came tripping down, the folds of her long velvet skirt gathered up in her hand, the long crimson plumes of her riding-hat sweeping her cheek, and her fair face sparkling with eager delight. She brushed by me, leaning on the stranger's arm; in another moment he lifted her carefully to the saddle, and they galloped away.

"Likely young feller!" said old Kyes, rubbing his hands one against the other. "'Pears like one th' kind with plenty money."

"What is his name?"

"Dunno. Guess the young woman would tell you."

At this juncture Mrs. Kyes's snuff-colored ribbons fluttered out at the window.

"That child is crazy," said she. "What in the world did you let her ride off for? She can't walk across the floor without limping."

I muttered something about Miss Effingham's ability to take care of herself, and was lounging away, when the thought of her, faint and suffering, drove away my resentment. In five minutes I was seated in the venerable chaise, following after her as speedily as possible. Just beyond the saw-mill I met my gentleman riding swiftly back to the hotel. Miss Effingham was faint and unable to proceed, and he had left her under a tree while he procured a conveyance. I was not long in finding her, you may be sure, and knelt beside her as penitent and humble as a lamb.

"I thought you would come," said she. "Oh, that dear old chaise!"

I lifted her in my arms as if she had been a baby, and placed her on one of the ragged green cushions; the other I made a foot-stool of, and smiled to think how I was heaping the coals of fire on her coquettish little head.

"I ought not to have gone," she said, timidly, for I maintained a dignified silence. "I ought not to have gone; but Harry teased so, and we used to have such splendid rides, I did not know how to say no."

It was too much for frail flesh and blood to bear; but I succeeded in swallowing my indignation, and said, carelessly,

"I am glad I met you, Miss Effingham, for I am going away to-morrow morning." She turned her eyes upon my face with sorrowful surprise.

"Going away!" she repeated. "I thought you were to stay until the middle of September. Pray don't go."

"You will scarcely miss me now," said I, pointedly.

"Indeed I shall," cried she. "Harry leaves in the morning, to see after his ship, and won't be back for a week. We shall be terribly lonely."

We were at the hotel door. I lifted Georgianne from the chaise, carried her up stairs, and laid her down upon the sofa. Mrs. Effingham was out. I drew the little slipper from my pocket, and put it in her hand. She looked up in my face, and I thought her woman's wit read every thing I couldn't say, for her glorious eyes drooped, and a tear fell on the tiny velvet rosette.

I retreated to my room, and busied myself packing, humming meanwhile all the sentimental songs I knew. In the evening I went out on the balcony, and paced back and forth, faintly hoping to catch a glimpse of Georgie's soft shadow on the curtain. It was evident I had lost her—the only woman I had ever loved, and for the first time realizing what such a loss must be, I leaned over the railing, and covered my face to shut out the bright moonlight. I heard no step, but at the same moment a soft hand fluttered down upon mine, and a dear voice whispered, "You didn't bid me good-by, Dick."

It was Georgie, looking like a saint, with her tearful eyes and tremulous lips. I don't remember what I said, only I know it was nothing very wise; neither am I able to recall her reply, except that there was something in it about "brother Harry;" but I have a distinct and perfect recollection of standing with her hands in mine until Mrs. Effingham called her in, and then, as I ventured to kiss her white forehead, she said, archly,

"If you will stay, Dick, you shall have both slippers!"

/ Maud.

SENATOR CLAY, OF ALABAMA.

CLEMENT CLAIRBORNE CLAY, a Senator of the State of Alabama in the Congress of the United States, is one of the three sons of senators who have been elected to seats in that body. His father, the Hon. Clement Comer Clay, was born in Halifax County, Virginia, December 17, 1789, and had strong ties to bind him to the Old Dominion, but an adventurous disposition led him to Tennessee, where he graduated, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. In 1811 he removed to Huntsville, Alabama, then a mere village, where he commenced practice in the log cabin then used as a court-house, and where he has since resided, identified with the growth and progress of that flourishing city. During the Creek War he raised and equipped a company, which he commanded with such courage and zeal as to win the especial commendation of General Jesup, while he won the affection and esteem of those under him. On one occasion, finding that the provisions furnished were of such a bad quality as to endanger the health of his men, he at once ordered them to be burned, and had new supplies purchased with his private means.

The people of Alabama, appreciating Mr. Clay's talents and his devotion to the home of his adoption, have conferred upon him almost every office within their gift. He was a Member of the Territorial Council; he sat on the bench of the Circuit Court, of which he was Chief Justice from 1820 until he resigned in 1823; he was a Member and the Speaker of the State Legislature; he was a Representative in Congress from 1827 to 1835; he was Governor of the State in 1835 and 1836; in 1837 he was elected to the United States Senate; and he is now enjoying the evening of a well-spent life, esteemed throughout the Southern States as having invariably sustained the rights and upheld the honor of the land of his birth. A high-minded politician, a judicious and well-read lawyer, and a scholar of varied attainments, he is none the less devoted to the attractions of home.

His son, Clement C. Clay, Jun., the subject of this sketch, derives his middle name of Clairborne from the family of his mother. He was born in 1819, in Madison County, Alabama; and in his case an old proverb is falsified, as he has ever enjoyed high "honor in his own country," which he has proudly clung to. Nature was no niggard in endowing him with intellectual abilities; neither was he unmindful, at an early age, of the obligations they imposed. He graduated with honor at the University of Alabama when in his sixteenth year.

When Mr. Clay senior was elected Governor of Alabama he appointed his son Private Secretary, and the young student was at once launched upon the troubled waters of political excitement. But he did not forsake his books—indeed he has never forsaken them; constantly adding to the stores of a most retentive memory, and securing to himself the grace of a wide cultivation, including poetry as well as the classics, the law, and political economy. His editorial contributions to the leading journal of the State at that time show the singular fearlessness and honesty which has since characterized his course, and has made him a statesman rather than a politician.

After his father was transferred from the Gubernatorial chair to the Senate of the United States Mr. Clay went to the University of Virginia, where he completed his legal studies. Returning to Huntsville he commenced practice, and with success; but his fellow-citizens soon insisted on electing him as their representative to the State Legislature, in which he served with credit in 1842, '44, and '45. In 1846 the Legislature elected him Judge of the Madison County Court, where he presided with dignity and courtesy until 1848, when he resigned, to resume his practice. In this he was eminently successful, possessing that rare legal perception which distinguishes the living principle of the law from the accidental forms in which it is often obscured.

In 1853 Mr. Clay was elected a Senator from Alabama, and immediately took a high position among those of his peers who consider the attainment of political power as of minor importance compared with the honest expression of their sentiments. Regarding himself as the envoy of a sovereign State to the Council of the Confederation, he was ever ready to assert the rights of that State, as defined by Jefferson and by Calhoun. To quote his own words in an important debate, "Identified with Alabama," said he, "by my birth, education, interest, and affection—regarding her as 'my nursing mother and my grave'—indebted to her for the highest honors and greatest trusts she could bestow, and standing here as one of her embassadors in this council-chamber of sovereign States, I feel it my duty as well as privilege to justify, as far as I can, all her acts relating to her sister States or to the Federal Government."

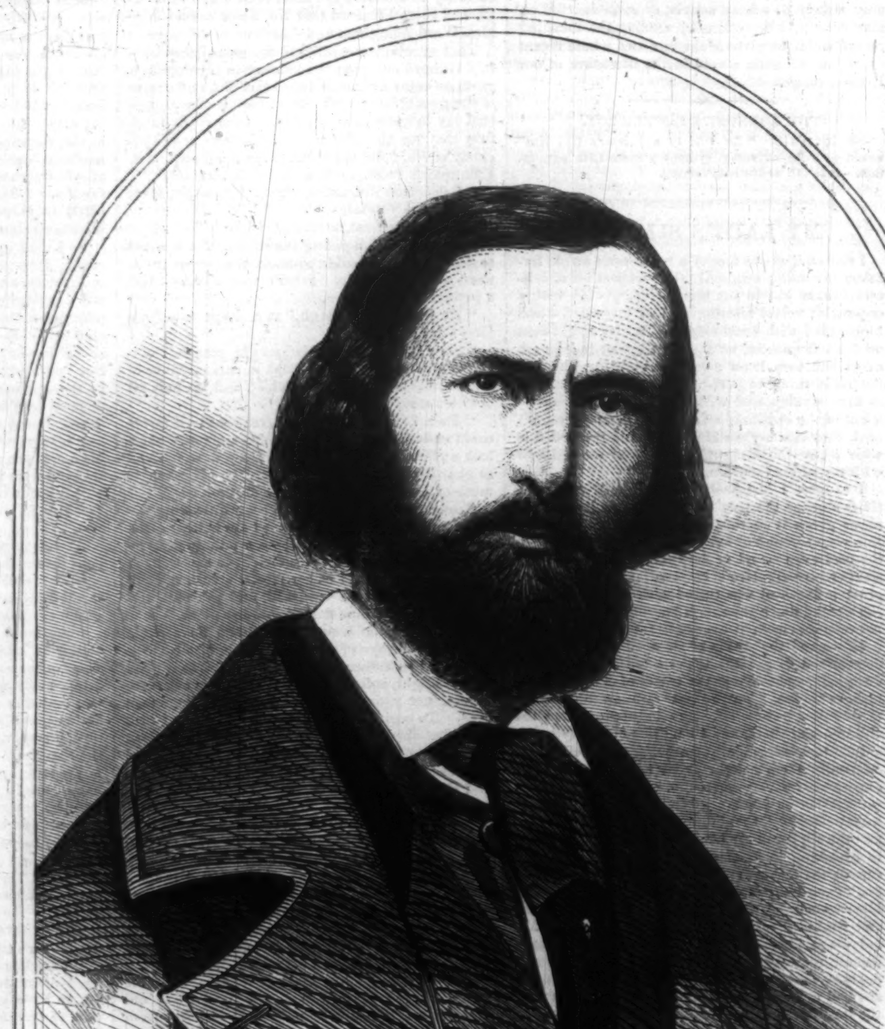
The people of Alabama appreciated the zeal and the ability with which their youthful yet experienced Senator was ever ready to announce their State rights and to vindicate their State honor, "at all hazards and to the last extremity." In 1857 he was re-elected for a second term of six years, receiving every vote in the Legislature. Returning with this indorsement, he has continued with watchful care to oppose all appropriations for such purposes as he deems unconstitutional, and not within the province of the Confederated Government. Especially does he object to what he styled in debate "a sentiment already too pervading in the country, of *dependence on the Government for support*. Such a sentiment," said he, "is baneful to individual as well as national prosperity."

In the sectional discussions which have of late convulsed the country, Senator Clay has stood boldly up as a champion of *Southern Rights*, without the slightest evidence of a desire for "National" honors or emoluments. In a recent speech on the Harper's Ferry raid, in the Senate, he calmly narrated the provocations which he considered the Southern States had received, and then said, "I rise here to indulge in no menace. We have been menaced during this Congress, and often before, by our political opponents, with the halter and the hangman if we dare resist their authority, and refuse to submit to subjugation. I know that those who are foremost to threaten are generally hindmost to execute. I never have uttered, and never will utter any menace. I make no predictions, no promises for my State; but, in conclusion, will only say that, if she is faithful to the pledges she has made and principles she has professed—if she is true to her own interest and her own honor—if she is not recreant to all that State pride, integrity, and duty demands, she will never submit to an unjust and iniquitous sectional authority."

Senator Clay's personal appearance is that of a student rather than a politician. Tall, rather slender in form, with thoughtful features, keen black eyes, and long black hair, he is about the last gentleman on the floor of the Senate that a stranger would select as a leading spirit among those called in the newspapers "*fire-eaters*." His oratory is earnest and forcible, his voice distinct and agreeable, his gestures earnest and persuasive. An accomplished scholar, he sometimes indulges in classical quotations and learned references; but there is no apparent labor in his speeches; they are, nevertheless, always equal to the subject, and completely exhaust the question at issue.

Senator Clay was happily married, in early life, to Miss Virginia Carolina Tunstall, of the Virginia family of that name, descended from the gallant knight who fell on Flodden Field. Possessing great personal beauty, a finely-cultivated and well-stored mind and fascinating manner, she is deservedly a great favorite with all who enjoy the honor of her acquaintance. Although a leader of Washington society, she is thoroughly domestic in her habits, and noted for her sympathy with those in distress, her kindness to the sick, and her charity to those in want. Idolizing her husband, and devoted to the State of which he is a Senator, she is emphatically his help-mate, and should share his laurels, as she has done much to encourage and to aid him in obtaining them. Their only child died some years since.

Senator Clay purchased, a few years since, a romantic site on an eminence near Huntsville, called Montisano, and has there erected a rural home, christened "Cozy Cot." It is described as a lovely retreat, with the delicious temperature attendant on its location, two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and commanding a panoramic view, almost unequaled, of the Huntsville bend of the Tennessee River. Here, when released from his official duties, the Senator indulges in agricultural improvements, or joins his wife in her floral pursuits; enjoys the rare treasures of his valuable library, and dispenses the courteous, cordial hospitality found at a Southern Home.


HON. CLEMENT CLAIRBORNE CLAY, OF ALABAMA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

* * * * * *

July 2.—I have a few lines more to add to this day's entry before I go to bed to-night.

About two hours after Sir Percival rose from the luncheon-table to receive his solicitor, Mr. Merriman, in the library, I left my room, alone, to take a walk in the plantations. Just as I was at the end of the landing, the library door opened, and the two gentlemen came out. Thinking it best not to disturb them by appearing on the stairs, I resolved to defer going down till they had crossed the hall. Although they spoke to each other in guarded tones, their words were pronounced with sufficient distinctness of utterance to reach my ears.

"Make your mind easy, Sir Percival," I heard the lawyer say. "It all rests with Lady Glyde."

I had turned to go back to my own room, for a minute or two; but the sound of Laura's name on the lips of a stranger stopped me instantly. I dare say it was very wrong and very discreditable to listen—but where is the woman, in the whole range of our sex, who can regulate her actions by the abstract principles of honor, when those principles point one way, and when her affections, and the interests which grow out of them, point the other?

I listened; and, under similar circumstances, I would listen again—yes! with my ear at the keyhole, if I could not possibly manage it in any other way.

"You quite understand, Sir Percival?" the lawyer went on. "Lady Glyde is to sign her name in the presence of a witness—or of two witnesses, if you wish to be particularly careful—and is then to put her finger on the seal, and say, 'I deliver this as my act and deed.' If that is done in a week's time, the arrangement will be perfectly successful, and the anxiety will be all over. If not—"

"What do you mean by 'if not?'" asked Sir Percival, angrily. "If the thing *must* be done, it *shall* be done. I promise you that, Merriman."

"Just so, Sir Percival—just so; but there are two alternatives in all transactions; and we lawyers like to look both of them in the face boldly. If through any extraordinary circumstance the arrangement should *not* be made, I think I may be able to get the parties to accept bills at three months. But how the money is to be raised when the bills fall due—"

"Damn the bills! The money is only to be got in one way; and in that way, I tell you again, it *shall* be got. Take a glass of wine, Merriman, before you go."

"Much obliged, Sir Percival; I have not a moment to lose, if I am to catch the up-train. You will let me know as soon as the arrangement is complete? and you will not forget the caution I recommended—"

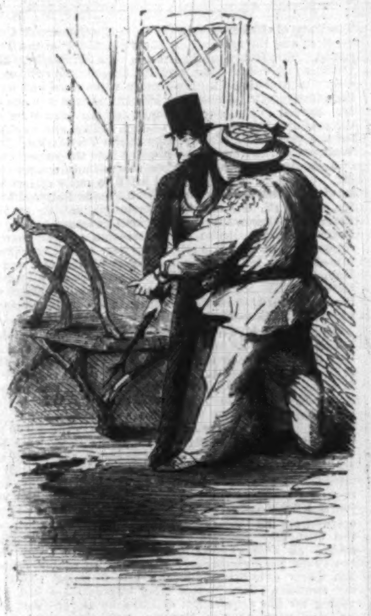
"Of course I won't. There's the dog-cart at the door for you. Jump in. My groom will get you to the station in no time. Benjamin, drive like mad! If Mr. Merriman misses the train, you lose your place. Hold fast, Merriman, and if you are upset, trust to the devil to save his own."—With that parting benediction the baronet turned about and walked back to the library.

I had not heard much; but the little that had reached my ears was enough to make me feel uneasy. The "something" that "had happened" was but too plainly a serious money embarrassment; and Sir Percival's relief from it depended upon Laura. The prospect of seeing her involved in her husband's secret difficulties filled me with dismay, exaggerated, no doubt, by my ignorance of business and my settled distrust of Sir Percival. Instead of going out, as I had proposed, I went back immediately to Laura's room to tell her what I had heard.

She received my bad news so composedly as to surprise me. She evidently knows more of her husband's character and her husband's embarrassments than I have suspected up to this time.

"I feared as much," she said, "when I heard of that strange gentleman who called, and declined to leave his name."

"Who do you think the gentleman was, then?" I asked.



"Some person who has heavy claims on Sir Percival," she answered; "and who has been the cause of Mr. Merriman's visit here to-day."

"Do you know any thing about those claims?"

"No; I know no particulars."

"You will sign nothing, Laura, without first looking at it?"

"Certainly not, Marian. Whatever I can harmlessly and honestly do to help him I will do—for the sake of making your life and mine, love, as easy and as happy as possible. But I will do nothing ignorantly which we might one day have reason to feel ashamed of. Let us say no more about it now. You have got your hat on—suppose we go and dream away the afternoon in the grounds?"

On leaving the house we directed our steps to the nearest shade. As we passed an open space among the trees in front of the house there was Count Fosco, slowly walking backward and forward on the grass, sunning himself in the full blaze of the hot July afternoon. He had a broad straw-hat on, with a violet-colored ribbon round it. A blue blouse, with profuse white fancy-work over the bosom, covered his prodigious body, and was girt about the place where his waist might once have been with a broad scarlet leather belt. Nankeen trowsers, displaying more white fancy-work over the ankles, and purple morocco slippers adorned his lower extremities. He was singing Figaro's famous song in the Barber of Seville, with that crisply fluent vocalization which is never heard from any other than an Italian throat; accompanying himself on the concertina, which he played with ecstatic throwings-up of his arms, and graceful twistings and turnings of his head, like a fat St. Cecilia masquerading in male attire. "Figaro quà! Figaro là! Figaro sù! Figaro giù!" sang the Count, jauntily tossing up the concertina at arm's-length, and bowing to us, on one side of the instrument, with the airy grace and elegance of Figaro himself at twenty years of age.

"Take my word for it, Laura, that man knows something of Sir Percival's embarassments," I said, as we returned the Count's salutation from a safe distance.

"What makes you think that?" she asked.

"How should he have known, otherwise, that Mr. Merriman was Sir Percival's solicitor?" I rejoined. "Besides, when I followed you out of the luncheon-room, he told me, without a single word of inquiry on my part, that something had happened. Depend upon it, he knows more than we do."

"Don't ask him any questions, if he does. Don't take him into our confidence!"

"You seem to dislike him, Laura, in a very determined manner. What has he said or done to justify you?"

"Nothing, Marian. On the contrary, he was all kindness and attention on our journey home, and he several times checked Sir Percival's outbreaks of temper in the most considerate manner toward *me*. Perhaps I dislike him because he has so much more power over my husband than I have. Perhaps it hurts my pride to be under any obligations to his interference. All I know is, that I *do* dislike him."

The rest of the day and the evening passed quietly enough. The Count and I played at chess. For the first two games he politely allowed me to conquer him; and then, when he saw that I had found him out, begged my pardon, and, at the third game, checkmated me in ten minutes. Sir Percival never once referred, all through the evening, to the lawyer's visit. But either that event, or something else, had produced a singular alteration for the better in him. He was as polite and agreeable to all of us as he used to be in the days of his probation at Limmeridge; and he was so amazingly attentive and kind to his wife that even icy Madame Fosco was roused into looking at him with a grave surprise. What does this mean? I think I can guess; I am afraid Laura can guess; and I am quite sure Count Fosco knows. I caught Sir Percival looking at him for approval more than once in the course of the evening.

3*d*. A day of events. I most fervently hope and pray I may not have to add, a day of disasters as well.

Sir Percival was as silent at breakfast as he had been the evening before on the subject of the mysterious "arrangement" (as the lawyer called it) which is hanging over our heads. An hour afterward, however, he suddenly entered the morning-room, where his wife and I were waiting, with our hats on, for Madame Fosco to join us, and inquired for the Count.

"We expect to see him here directly," I said.

"The fact is," Sir Percival went on, walking nervously about the room, "I want Fosco and his wife in the library, for a mere business formality; and I want you there, Laura, for a minute, too." He stopped, and appeared to notice, for the first time, that we were in our walking costume. "Have you just come in?" he asked, "or were you just going out?"

"We were all thinking of going to the lake this morning," said Laura. "But if you have any other arrangement to propose—"

"No, no," he answered, hastily. "My arrangement can wait. After lunch will do as well for it as after breakfast. All going to the lake, eh? A good idea. Let's have an idle morning; I'll be one of the party."

There was no mistaking his manner, even if it had been possible to mistake the uncharacteristic readiness which his words expressed, to submit his own plans and projects to the convenience of others. He was evidently relieved at finding an excuse for delaying the business formality in the library, to which his own words had referred. My heart sank within me as I drew the inevitable inference.

The Count and his wife joined us at that moment. The lady had her husband's embroidered tobacco-pouch, and her store of paper in her hand for the manufacture of the eternal cigarettes. The gentleman, dressed, as usual, in his blouse and straw-hat, carried the gay little pagoda-cage, with his darling white mice in it, and smiled on them, and on us, with a bland amiability which it was impossible to resist.

"With your kind permission," said the Count, "I will take my small family, here—my poor-little-harmless-pretty-Mouseys, out for an airing along with us. There are dogs about the house, and shall I leave my forlorn white children at the mercies of the dogs? Ah, never!"

He chirruped paternally at his small white children through the bars of the pagoda; and we all left the house for the lake.

In the plantation Sir Percival strayed away from us. It seems to be part of his restless disposition always to separate himself from his companions on these occasions, and always to occupy himself, when he is alone, in cutting new walking-sticks for his own use. The mere act of cutting and lopping, at hazard, appears to please him. He has filled the house with walking-sticks of his own making, not one of which he ever takes up for a second time. When they have been once used, his interest in them is all exhausted, and he thinks of nothing but going on and making more.

At the old boat-house he joined us again. I will put down the conversation that ensued, when we were all settled in our places, exactly as it passed. It is an important conversation, so far as I am concerned, for it has seriously disposed me to distrust the influence which Count Fosco has exercised over my thoughts and feelings, and to resist it, for the future, as resolutely as I can.

The boat-house was large enough to hold us all; but Sir Percival remained outside, trimming the last new stick with his pocket-axe. We three women found plenty of room on the large seat. Laura took her work, and Madame Fosco began her cigarettes. I, as usual, had nothing to do. My hands always were, and always will be, as awkward as a man's. The Count good-humoredly took a stool, many sizes too small for him, and balanced himself on it with his back against the side of the shed, which creaked and groaned under his weight. He put the pagoda cage on his lap, and let out the mice to crawl over him as usual. They are pretty, innocent-looking little creatures; but the sight of them creeping about a man's body is, for some reason, not pleasant to me. It excites a strange, responsive creeping in my own nerves; and suggests hideous ideas of men dying in prison, with the crawling creatures of the dungeon preying on them undisturbed.

The morning was windy and cloudy; and the rapid alternations of shadow and sunlight over the waste of the lake made the view look doubly wild, weird, and gloomy.

"Some people call that picturesque," said Sir Percival, pointing over the wide prospect with his half-finished walking-stick. "I call it a blot on a gentleman's property. In my great-grandfather's time the lake flowed to this place. Look at it now! It is not four feet deep any where, and it is all puddles and pools. I wish I could afford to drain it, and plant it all over. My bailiff (a superstitious idiot) says he is quite sure the lake has a curse on it, like the Dead Sea. What do you think, Fosco? It looks just the place for a murder, doesn't it?"

"My good Percival!" remonstrated the Count. "What is your solid English sense thinking of? The water is too shallow to hide the body; and there is sand every where to print off the murderer's footsteps. It is, upon the whole, the very worst place for a murder that I ever set my eyes on."

"Humbug!" said Sir Percival, cutting away fiercely at his stick. "You know what I mean. The dreary scenery—the lonely situation. If you choose to understand me, you can—if you don't choose, I am not going to trouble myself to explain my meaning."

"And why not," asked the Count, "when your meaning can be explained by any body in two words? If a fool was going to commit a murder, your lake is the first place he would choose for it. If a wise man was going to commit a murder, your lake is the last place he would choose for it. Is that your meaning? If it is, there is your explanation for you, ready made. Take it, Percival, with your good Fosco's blessing."

Laura looked at the Count, with her dislike for him appearing a little too plainly in her face. He was so busy with his mice that he did not notice her.

"I am sorry to hear the lake-view connected with any thing so horrible as the idea of murder," she said. "And if Count Fosco must divide murderers into classes, I think he has been very unfortunate in his choice of expressions. To describe them as fools only, seems like treating them with an indulgence to which they have no claim. And to describe them as wise men, sounds to me like a downright contradiction in terms. I have always heard that truly wise men are truly good men, and have a horror of crime."

"My dear lady," said the Count, "those are admirable sentiments; and I have seen them stated at the tops of copy-books." He lifted one of the white mice in the palm of his hand, and spoke to it in his whimsical way. "My pretty little smooth white rascal," he said, "here is a moral lesson for you. A truly wise Mouse is a truly good Mouse. Mention that, if you please, to your companions, and never gnaw at the bars of your cage again as long as you live."

"It is easy to turn every thing into ridicule," said Laura, resolutely; "but you will not find it quite so easy, Count Fosco, to give me an instance of a wise man who has been a great criminal."

The Count shrugged his huge shoulders, and smiled on Laura in the friendliest manner.

"Most true!" he said. "The fool's crime is the crime that is found out; and the wise man's crime is the crime that is not found out. If I could give you an instance, it would not be the instance of a wise man. Dear Lady Glyde, your sound English common sense has been too much for me. It is checkmate for *me* this time, Miss Halcombe—ha?"

"Stand to your guns, Laura," sneered Sir Percival, who had been listening in his place at the door. "Tell him, next, that crimes cause their own detection. There's another bit of copy-book morality for you, Fosco. Crimes cause their own detection. What infernal humbug!"

"I believe it to be true," said Laura, quietly.

Sir Percival burst out laughing—so violently, so outrageously, that he quite startled us all—the Count more than any of us.

"I believe it, too," I said, coming to Laura's rescue.

Sir Percival, who had been unaccountably amused at his wife's remark, was, just as unaccountably, irritated by mine. He struck the new walking-stick savagely on the sand, and walked away from us.

"Poor, dear Percival!" cried Count Fosco, looking after him gayly; "he is the victim of English spleen. But, my dear Miss Halcombe, my dear Lady Glyde, do you really believe that crimes cause their own detection? And you, my angel," he continued, turning to his wife, who had not uttered a word yet, "do you think so too?"

"I wait to be instructed," replied the Countess, in tones of freezing reproof, intended for Laura and me, "before I venture on giving my opinion in the presence of well-informed men."

"Do you, indeed?" I said. "I remember the time, Countess, when you advocated the Rights of Women—and freedom of female opinion was one of them."

"What is your view of the subject, Count?" asked Madame Fosco, calmly proceeding with her cigarettes, and not taking the least notice of me.

The Count stroked one of his white mice reflectively with his chubby little finger before he answered.

"It is truly wonderful," he said, "how easily Society can console itself for the worst of its shortcomings with a little bit of clap-trap. The machinery it has set up for the detection of crime is miserably ineffective—and yet only invent a moral epigram, saying that it works well, and you blind every body to its blunders from that moment.—Crimes cause their own detection, do they? And murder will out (another moral epigram), will it? Ask Coroners who sit at inquests in large towns if that is true, Lady Glyde. Ask secretaries of life-assurance companies if that is true, Miss Halcombe. Read your own public journals. In the few cases that get into the newspapers, are there not instances of slain bodies found, and no murderers ever discovered? Multiply the cases that are reported by the cases that are *not* reported, and the bodies that are found by the bodies that are *not* found, and what conclusion do you come to? This: that there are foolish criminals who are discovered, and wise criminals who escape. The hiding of a crime, or the detection of a crime, what is it? A trial of skill between the police on one side, and the individual on the other. When the criminal is a brutal, ignorant fool, the police, in nine cases out of ten, win. When the criminal is a resolute, educated, highly-intelligent man, the police, in nine cases out of ten, lose. If the police win, you generally hear all about it. If the police lose, you generally hear nothing. And on this tottering foundation you build up your comfortable moral maxim that Crime causes its own detection! Yes—all the crime *you* know of. And what of the rest?"

"Devilish true, and very well put," cried a voice at the entrance of the boat-house. Sir Percival had recovered his equanimity, and had come back while we were listening to the Count.

"Some of it may be true," I said; "and all of it may be very well put. But I don't see why Count Fosco should celebrate the victory of the criminal over society with so much exultation, or why you, Sir Percival, should applaud him so loudly for doing it."

"Do you hear that, Fosco?" asked Sir Percival, with a sneer. "Take my advice, and make your peace with your audience. Tell them Virtue's a fine thing—they like that, I can promise you."

The Count laughed inwardly and silently; and two of the white mice in his waistcoat, alarmed by the internal convulsion going on beneath them, darted out in a violent hurry, and scrambled into their cage again.

"The ladies, my good Percival, shall tell *me* about virtue," he said. "They are better authorities than I am; for they know what virtue is, and I don't."

"You hear him?" said Sir Percival. "Isn't it awful?"

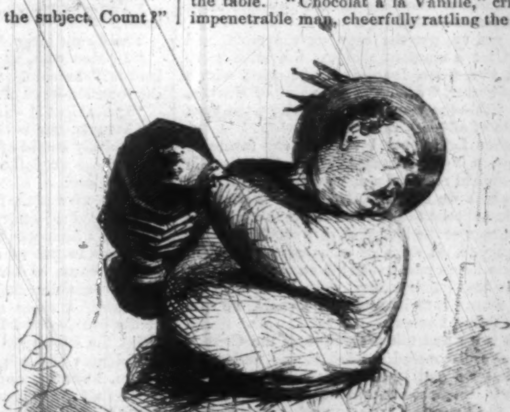
"It is true," said the Count, quietly. "I am a citizen of the world, and I have met, in my time, with so many different sorts of virtue, that I am puzzled, in my old age, to say which is the right sort and which is the wrong. Here, in England, there is one virtue. And there, in China, there is another virtue. And John Englishman says my virtue is the genuine virtue. And John Chinaman says my virtue is the genuine virtue. And I say Yes to one, or No to the other, and am just as much bewildered about it in the case of John with the top-boots as I am in the case of John with the pigtail. Ah, nice little Mousey! come kiss me. What is your own private notion of a virtuous man, my pret-pret-pretty? A man who keeps you warm and gives you plenty to eat. And a good notion, too, for it is intelligible, at the least."

"Stay a minute, Count," I interposed. "Accepting your illustration, surely we have one unquestionable virtue in England which is wanting in China. The Chinese authorities kill thousands of innocent people, on the most horribly frivolous pretexts. We, in England, are free from all guilt of that kind—we commit no such dreadful crime—we abhor reckless bloodshed with all our hearts."

"Quite right, Marian," said Laura. "Well thought of, and well expressed."

"Pray allow the Count to proceed," said Madame Fosco, with stern civility. "You will find, young ladies, that *he* never speaks without having excellent reasons for all that he says."

"Thank you, my angel," replied the Count. "Have a bonbon?" He took out of his pocket a pretty little inlaid box, and placed it open on the table. "Chocolat à la Vanille," cried the impenetrable man, cheerfully rattling the sweet-



"FIGARO QUÀ! FIGARO LÀ!" ETC.

meats in the box, and bowing all round. "Offered by Fosco as an act of homage to the charming society."

"Be good enough to go on, Count," said his wife, with a spiteful reference to myself. "Oblige me by answering Miss Halcombe."

"Miss Halcombe is unanswerable," replied the polite Italian—"that is to say, so far as she goes. Yes! I agree with her. John Bull does abhor the crimes of John Chinaman. He is the quickest old gentleman at finding out the faults that are his neighbors', and the slowest old gentleman at finding out the faults that are his own, who exists on the face of creation. Is he so very much better in his way than the people whom he condemns in their way? English society, Miss Halcombe, is as often the accomplice as it is the enemy of crime. Yes! yes! Crime is in this country what crime is in other countries—a good friend to a man and to those about him as often as it is an enemy. A great rascal provides for his wife and family. The worse he is, the more he makes them the objects for your sympathy. He often provides, also, for himself. A profligate spendthrift who is always borrowing money, will get more from his friends than the rigidly honest man who only borrows of them once, under pressure of the direst want. In the one case, the friends will not be at all surprised, and they will give. In the other case, they will be very much surprised, and they will hesitate. Is the prison that Mr. Scoundrel lives in, at the end of his career, a more uncomfortable place than the work-house that Mr. Honesty lives in, at the end of *his* career? When John-Howard-Philanthropist wants to relieve misery, he goes to find it in prisons, where crime is wretched—not in huts and hovels where virtue is wretched too. Who is the English poet who has won the most universal sympathy—who makes the easiest of all subjects for pathetic writing and pathetic painting? That nice young person who began life with a forgery, and ended it by a suicide—your dear, romantic, interesting Chatterton. Which gets on best, do you think, of two poor starving dress-makers—the woman who resists temptation, and is honest, or the woman who falls under temptation, and steals? You all know that the stealing is the making of that second woman's fortune—it advertises her from length to breadth of good-humored, charitable England—and she is relieved, as the breaker of a commandment, when she would have been left to starve, as the keeper of it. Come here, my jolly little Mouse! Hey! presto! pass! I transform you, for the time being, into a respectable lady. Stop there, in the palm of my great big hand, my dear, and listen. You marry the poor man whom you love, Mouse; and one half your friends pity, and the other half blame you. And now, on the contrary, you sell yourself for gold to a man you don't care for; and all your friends rejoice over you; and a minister of public worship sanctions the base horror of the vilest of all human bargains; and smiles and smirks afterward at your table, if you are polite enough to ask him to breakfast. Hey! presto! pass! Be a mouse again, and squeak. If you continue to be a lady much longer, I shall have you telling me that Society abhors crime—and then, Mouse, I shall doubt if your own eyes and ears are really of any use to you. Ah! I am a bad man, Lady Glyde, am I not? I say what other people only think; and when all the rest of the world is in a conspiracy to accept the mask for the true face, mine is the rash hand that tears off the plump pasteboard, and shows the bare bones beneath. I will get up on my big elephant's legs before I do myself any more harm in your amiable estimations—I will get up and take a little airy walk of my own. Dear ladies, as your excellent Sheridan said, I go—and leave my character behind me."

He got up, put the cage on the table, and paused for a moment to count the mice in it. "One, two, three, four—Ha!" he cried, with a look of horror, "where, in the name of Heaven, is the fifth—the youngest, the whitest, the most amiable of all—my Benjamin of mice!"

Neither Laura nor I were in any favorable disposition to be amused. The Count's glib cynicism had revealed a new aspect of his nature from which we both recoiled. But it was impossible to resist the comical distress of so very large a man at the loss of so very small a mouse. We laughed, in spite of ourselves; and when Madame Fosco rose to set the example of leaving the boat-house empty, so that her husband might search it to its remotest corners, we rose also to follow her out.

Before we had taken three steps the Count's quick eye discovered the lost mouse under the seat that we had been occupying. He pulled aside the bench, took the little animal up in his hand, and then suddenly stopped, on his knees, looking intently at a particular place on the ground just beneath him.

When he rose to his feet again his hand shook so that he could hardly put the mouse back in the cage, and his face was of a faint livid yellow hue all over.

"Percival!" he said, in a whisper. "Percival! come here."

Sir Percival had paid no attention to any of us for the last ten minutes. He had been entirely absorbed in writing figures on the sand, and then rubbing them out again, with the point of his stick.

"What's the matter now?" he asked, lounging carelessly into the boat-house.

"Do you see nothing there?" said the Count, catching him nervously by the collar with one hand, and pointing with the other to the place near which he had found the mouse.

"I see plenty of dry sand," answered Sir Percival; "and a spot of dirt in the middle of it."

"Not dirt," whispered the Count, fastening the other hand suddenly on Sir Percival's collar, and shaking it in his agitation. "Blood!"

Laura was near enough to hear the last word, softly as he whispered it. She turned to me with a look of terror.

"Nonsense, my dear," I said. "There is no need to be alarmed. It is only the blood of a poor little stray dog."

Every body was astonished, and every body's eyes were fixed on me inquiringly.

"How do you know that?" asked Sir Percival, speaking first.

"I found the dog here, dying, on the day when you all returned from abroad," I replied. "The poor creature had strayed into the plantation, and had been shot by your keeper."

"Whose dog was it?" inquired Sir Percival. "Not one of mine?"

"Did you try to save the poor thing?" asked Laura, earnestly. "Surely you tried to save it, Marian?"

"Yes," I said; "the housekeeper and I both did our best—but the dog was mortally wounded, and he died under our hands."

"Whose dog was it?" persisted Sir Percival, repeating his question a little irritably. "One of mine?"

"No, not one of yours."

"Whose, then? Did the housekeeper know?"

The housekeeper's report of Mrs. Catherick's desire to conceal her visit to Blackwater Park from Sir Percival's knowledge recurred to my memory the moment he put that last question, and I half doubted the discretion of answering it. But, in my anxiety to quiet the general alarm, I had thoughtlessly advanced too far to draw back, except at the risk of exciting suspicions which might only make matters worse. There was nothing for it but to answer at once, without reference to results.

"Yes," I said. "The housekeeper knew. She told me it was Mrs. Catherick's dog."

Sir Percival had hitherto remained at the inner end of the boat-house, with Count Fosco, while I spoke to him from the door. But the instant Mrs. Catherick's name passed my lips he pushed by the Count roughly, and placed himself face to face with me, under the open daylight.

"How came the housekeeper to know it was Mrs. Catherick's dog?" he asked, fixing his eyes on mine with a frowning interest and attention which half-angered, half-startled me.

"She knew it," I said, quietly, "because Mrs. Catherick brought the dog with her."

"Brought it with her? Where did she bring it with her?"

"To this house."

"What the devil did Mrs. Catherick want at this house?"

The manner in which he put the question was even more offensive than the language in which he expressed it. I marked my sense of his want of common politeness by silently turning away from him.

Just as I moved, the Count's persuasive hand was laid on his shoulder, and the Count's mellifluous voice interposed to quiet him.

"My dear Percival!—gently—gently."

Sir Percival looked around in his angriest manner. The Count only smiled, and repeated the soothing application.

"Gently, my good friend—gently!"

Sir Percival hesitated—followed me a few steps—and, to my great surprise, offered me an apology.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Halcombe," he said. "I have been out of order lately, and I am afraid I am a little irritable. But I should like to know what Mrs. Catherick could possibly want here. When did she come? Was the housekeeper the only person who saw her?"

"The only person," I answered, "so far as I know."

The Count interposed again.

"In that case, why not question the housekeeper?" he said. "Why not go, Percival, to the fountain-head of information at once?"

"Quite right!" said Sir Percival. "Of course the housekeeper is the first person to question. Excessively stupid of me not to see it myself." With those words he instantly left us to return to the house.

The motive of the Count's interference, which had puzzled me at first, betrayed itself when Sir Percival's back was turned. He had a host of questions to put to me about Mrs. Catherick, and the cause of her visit to Blackwater Park, which he could scarcely have asked in his friend's presence. I made my answers as short as I civilly could—for I had already determined to check the least approach to any exchanging of confidences between Count Fosco and myself. Laura, however, unconsciously helped him to extract all my information, by making inquiries herself, which left me no alternative but to reply to her, or to appear before them all in the very unenviable and very false character of a depositary of Sir Percival's secrets. The end of it was, that, in about ten minutes' time, the Count knew as much as I know of Mrs. Catherick, and of the events which have so strangely connected us with her daughter, Anne, from the time when Hartright met with her to this day.

The effect of my information on him was, in one respect, curious enough. Intimately as he knows Sir Percival, and closely as he appears to be associated with Sir Percival's private affairs in general, he is certainly as far as I am from knowing any thing of the true story of Anne Catherick. The unsolved mystery in connection with this unhappy woman is now rendered doubly suspicious, in my eyes, by the absolute conviction which I feel that the clew to it has been hidden by Sir Percival from the most intimate friend he has in the world. It was impossible to mistake the eager curiosity of the Count's look and manner while he drank in greedily every word that fell from my lips. There are many kinds of curiosity, I know—but there is no misinterpreting the curiosity of blank surprise, if ever I saw it in my life, I saw it in the Count's face.

While the questions and answers were going on we had all been strolling quietly back through the plantation. As soon as we reached the house the first object that we saw in front of it was Sir Percival's dog-cart, with the horse put to and the groom waiting by it in his stable-jacket. If these unexpected appearances were to be trusted, the examination of the housekeeper had produced important results already.

"A fine horse, my friend," said the Count, addressing the groom with the most engaging familiarity of manner. "You are going to drive out?"

"*I* am not going, Sir," replied the man, looking at his stable-jacket, and evidently wondering whether the foreign gentleman took it for his livery. "My master drives himself."

"Aha?" said the Count, "does he indeed? I wonder he gives himself the trouble when he has got you to drive for him? Is he going to fatigue that nice, shining, pretty horse by taking him very far, to-day?"

"I don't know, Sir," answered the man. "The horse is a mare, if you please, Sir. She's the highest-couraged thing we've got in the stables. Her name's Brown Molly, Sir; and she'll go till she drops. Sir Percival usually takes Isaac of York for the short distances."

"And your shining courageous Brown Molly for the long?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Logical inference, Miss Halcombe," continued the Count, wheeling round briskly, and addressing me; "Sir Percival is going a long distance to-day."

I made no reply. I had my own inferences to draw, from what I knew through the housekeeper and from what I saw before me; and I did not choose to share them with Count Fosco.

When Sir Percival was in Cumberland (I thought to myself) he walked away a long distance, on Anne's account, to question the family at Todd's Corner. Now he is in Hampshire, is he going to drive away a long distance, on Anne's account again, to question Mrs. Catherick at Welmingham?

We all entered the house. As we crossed the hall Sir Percival came out from the library to meet us. He looked hurried and pale and anxious—but for all that he was in his most polite mood when he spoke to us.

"I am sorry to say I am obliged to leave you," he began—"a long drive—a matter that I can't very well put off. I shall be back in good time to-morrow—but, before I go, I should like that little business-formality which I spoke of this morning to be settled. Laura, will you come into the library? It won't take a minute—a mere formality. Countess, may I trouble you also? I want you and the Countess, Fosco, to be witnesses to a signature—nothing more. Come in at once, and get it over."

He held the library door open until they had passed in, followed them, and shut it softly.

I remained for a moment afterward standing alone in the hall, with my heart beating fast, and my mind misgiving me sadly. Then I went on to the staircase and ascended slowly to my own room.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, Feb. 13, in the Senate, the death of Senator Broderick, of California, was announced by Senator Haun (Cal.), who took occasion to give a brief history of the career of the deceased. He was followed by Senators Crittenden (Ky.), Seward (N. Y.), Foster (Conn.), Foot (Vt.), and Toombs (Ga.), when resolutions of respect for the memory of the deceased were passed, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Sherman (Ohio) called for the question on his motion to go into an election of Printer, and, after a qualification to the effect that the House shall retain the right to modify existing laws relative to the printing of the House, and that the Printer chosen shall accept the office with this understanding, the House agreed to the motion. Two votes were had, when further proceedings were interrupted by the reception of a message from the Senate, announcing the death of Senator Broderick, of California. In the first vote Mr. Defrees received 89; Mr. Glossbrenner, 88; Messrs. Gales & Seaton, 2; Mr. Blanchard, 2; Mr. Mitchell, 1; Mr. Flanagan, 1—necessary to a choice, 92. In the second vote Mr. Defrees received 90, and Mr. Glossbrenner 89—92 being still necessary. Messrs. Burch (Cal.), Haskin (N. Y.), Hickman (Pa.), Burlingame (Mass.), Morris (Ill.), and Sickles (N. Y.) addressed the House upon the announcement made of the death of Senator Broderick, when resolutions of respect were adopted, and the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, February 14, in the Senate, the Wyandot (Kansas) State Constitution was received. Senator Seward (N. Y.) moved its reference to the Committee on Territories. Senator Brown (Miss.) moved an inquiry whether it contained the provisions of the English Bill, upon which there was some discussion, when Senator Doolittle (Wis.) moved, as an amendment, that the Committee be instructed to report immediately a bill for the admission of Kansas under the Constitution submitted. The hour for a special order arrived, and by general consent the Senate proceeded to the reception of petitions and reports, without deciding the question on the Kansas Constitution. Senator Brown's Territorial Government resolutions were afterward taken up. Senator Hale (N. H.) addressed the Senate at length, when an executive session was had.——In the House, on motion of Mr. Grow (Pa.), the powers of the Special Committee on Printing were enlarged, so as to inquire into the prices paid for binding, engraving, etc. The Speaker announced the pending business to be the election of a Printer. Efforts were made to take up the Post-office Bill, and to adjourn, when by general consent the election of Printer was postponed till to-morrow at 1 P.M. The Post-office Bill was then taken up, and finally reported to the House with the Senate's amendment abolishing the franking privilege stricken out.

On Wednesday, February 15, in the Senate, Senator Mason (Va.) moved an order for the arrest of Messrs. Sanborn, John Brown, Jun., and Redpath, who refused to answer the summons to appear before the Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee. The resolution was adopted. The Post-office Deficiency bill was taken up, and the Senate receded from its amendment abolishing the franking privilege. The bill to abolish the franking privilege was then taken up, and after various propositions for amendment, and some discussion, it was passed, when the Senate adjourned.——In the House a memorial was received from the Provisional Government of the Territory of Jefferson relative to a Constitutional Convention, and the recognition of a Delegate from the Territory. The House proceeded to a vote for Printer. Mr. Defrees received 90 votes, and Mr. Glossbrenner 89—necessary to a choice, 91. Two more votes were had with the same result. Among the bills introduced was one by Mr. Morrill (Vt.), donating lands for the promotion of the arts and sciences in the various States, and another for the prevention of polygamy in the Territories. Mr. Waldron (Mich.) moved an inquiry into the expediency of legislating against the importation of adulterated tea. Mr. Fenton (N. Y.) introduced a bill to settle claims for services in the Revolution. Also a Pacific Railroad bill. Mr. Duell (N. Y.) offered a resolution, calling on the Postmaster-General for the instructions issued by him to Postmasters relative to the destruction of mail matter supposed to contain incendiary matter. Mr. Grow (Pa.) introduced a bill for the admission of Kansas, and a Homestead bill. Mr. Florence (Pa.) introduced a French Spoliation bill, and one granting pensions to soldiers of the war of 1812. A number of other bills were introduced, when the House adjourned.

On Thursday, February 16, in the Senate, Senator Doolittle (Wis.) called for his resolution for the admission of Kansas with the Wyandot Constitution, but the subject was postponed. Senator Gwin (Cal.) reported in favor of a line of telegraph to the Pacific. The resolution relative to the inauguration of the Washington statue on the 22d inst. was taken up, eliciting some discussion. It was finally adopted, appropriating $3000 for the purpose. The District of Columbia Bank-Note bill was then taken up, and, after discussion, postponed till Monday. Senator Brown (Miss.) gave notice of a bill to punish offenses against slave property in Kansas, and then the Senate went into Executive Session, and adjourned till Monday.——In the House, a message was received from the President, announcing that he had signed the Post-office Appropriation bill. Mr. Jackson (Ga.) moved an adjournment for two weeks, in order that the Clerk might rearrange members' seats. Referred. Mr. Curry (Ala.) introduced a bill to repeal the fishery bounties. Mr. Taylor (La.) introduced a bill providing for the acquisition of Cuba by negotiation, and its admission to the Union. Referred. Bills were also introduced to repeal the clause allowing mileage to members of Congress, declaring null and void the New Mexico Territorial Slavery acts, granting pensions to the soldiers of the war of 1812, to establish and regulate paper circulation of uniform value throughout the United States, to amend the naturalization laws, allowing the people of Territories to elect all their officials, to provide for election by the people of Deputy Postmasters, a River and Harbor Bill, reviving the Tariff Act of 1846, four several Pacific Railroad and Telegraph bills, to organize the Territorial Government of Nevada, to repeal the Act for the admission of Kansas into the Union, to enable Nebraska to hold a Convention preliminary to admission into the Union. Resolutions were adopted or referred to inquire into the expediency of reorganizing the postal system and abolishing the franking privilege; the resolutions reported last year condemnatory of the coal and live-oak contracts by the Secretary of the Navy under the approval of the President; for the more effectual rendition of fugitives from justice; to facilitate commerce between the United States and Cuba; for information relative to the removals, etc., of Post-office officials in Illinois; to inquire into the expediency of acquiring the British North American possessions; for the better protection of naturalized citizens when abroad; for the acquisition of Cuba; for the repeal of the revenue laws, and substituting direct taxation. A memorial was received from Mr. S. G. Daly contesting the seat of Mr. Eastabrook of Nebraska. The House then went into Committee on the President's Message. Mr. Anderson (Mo.) made a strong Southern speech. Mr. Fenton (N. Y.) replied in defense of the Republican party. Adjourned.

On Friday, February 17, the Senate not being in session, in the House, Mr. Fouke (Ill.) introduced a bill to incorporate the United States Agricultural Society. Some discussion was had relative to the chairs and desks in the hall. The sum of $10,000 was appropriated to defray the expense of inaugurating the Washington statue. The election of Printer was postponed till Monday, and the Senate resolution allowing Captain Shubrick to accept a sword from the President of the Argentine Confederation was concurred in. The Senate bill to abolish the franking privilege was received, and after considerable struggling it was referred to a select Committee. Adjourned till Monday.

SYMPATHY WITH ITALY.

A demonstration, on Friday evening, in token of sympathy with the cause of Italian Freedom, was largely attended and of the most enthusiastic character. Resolutions were passed approving the doctrine of nonintervention, as laid down in the pamphlet entitled *Le Pape et le Congrès*, and speeches were made by the Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, the Hon. Charles King, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Bellows, Professor Mitchell, and the Hon. Joseph Hoxie.

THE NATURALIZATION QUESTION.

The following interesting correspondence will be read with pleasure by our citizens of foreign birth:

FROM SENATOR PUGH, OF OHIO, TO THE STATE DEPARTMENT.

"Washington, *Jan. 23, 1860.*

"*Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State:*

"Sir,—Mr. John Detlefs, Auditor of Ottawa County, Ohio, wishes to obtain a passport, and, at the same time, to be advised whether he can safely visit his aged mother in the Duchy of Holstein. He is a native of that country, but came to the United States before he had attained the age of twenty years, and—as you will discover by his certificate, herewith inclosed—was regularly naturalized in the Court of Common Pleas for Ottawa County, Ohio, on the 10th of May, 1853.

"Although not subject to military service at the date of his emigration, Mr. Detlefs has been pronounced a deserter (in his absence) by the Danish authorities, and is apprehensive that he may be arrested, fined, and imprisoned, or compelled to serve as a soldier, in case he should return to his native land. An answer will much oblige. Yours respectfully, G. E. Pugh."

THE PRESENT POSITION OF MR. CASS.

"Department of State, Washington, *February* 1, 1860.

"*Hon. Geo. E. Pugh:*

"Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and I inclose for your information an extract of a letter to the Minister of the United States in Berlin, dated July 25, 1859, which explains the views of this Government concerning the rights of American citizens abroad, and from which it will not depart. It is proper to remark that Mr. Ernst, upon the representation of our Minister, Mr. Wright, was discharged from the service of the Hanoverian Government. You will perceive that, agreeably to the principles laid down in this dispatch to Mr. Wright, Mr. Detlefs owes no military service in Denmark, as he left there before he had been called into the Army or Navy, and therefore could not be rightfully considered a deserter. We deny that contingent obligations, depending on time or other circumstances for their fulfillment, create any liability on the part of an American naturalized citizen, to which he can be subjected when returning to the country of his birth. A case involving these principles recently occurred in Denmark. Mr. Smidt, a native of that country, but an American naturalized citizen, was forced into the Danish military service in September last. Our Minister at Copenhagen, Mr. Buchanan, immediately remonstrated against this violation of the rights of our countrymen, and reported his proceedings to this Department for its consideration. His course was approved, and he was informed that 'the President has taken much interest in this case, involving, as it does, the claim of a foreign Government to interfere with the personal security and liberty of so many of our citizens whose interests may require them to return, for temporary purposes, to the respective countries of which they were once inhabitants.'

"The Minister of Foreign Affairs of Denmark informed Mr. Buchanan, in answer to his application, that the Government was upon the point of taking the necessary measures for the discharge of Mr. Smidt 'as a special and exceptional measure,' when it was ascertained that he had already been released from the service in consequence of his place having been supplied by a substitute.

"As soon as the necessary descriptive list is received, a passport for Mr. Detlefs will be made out and forwarded to you.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"LEWIS CASS."

DEATH OF A MILLIONAIRE.

At noon, on Thursday, Mr. Stephen Whitney, one of the oldest and wealthiest of our citizens, died at his residence in Bowling Green. Some of his intimate friends state that he was but 70 years of age, while others affirm that he had completed his 80th year. He entered business, in this city, at an early period of his life, and has always been considered strictly upright in his dealings, but, at the same time, close and sharp in effecting bargains. These characteristics laid the foundation for a fortune which has accumulated of late years until it is estimated at the enormous amount of $8,000,000. Much of this immense property consists of real estate, a large proportion of which is situated in the First Ward. He also had large amounts of money invested in productive mortgages and stocks and bonds of various descriptions. Up to the time of his decease Mr. Whitney devoted his time to a great extent to collecting rents and to supervising the repairs which it was found necessary to make in the numerous buildings which he owned. Busied in this manner, he was seldom seen on 'Change. In fact, he was not of a speculative character, and it is said that the misfortunes which, a few years since, overtook some of his relatives, who were engaged in the grain trade, involved him only to a limited extent. Perhaps no fact exhibits this conservative element of his character more forcibly than his persistent refusal to follow his old acquaintances and neighbors who, years ago, resigned their down-town mansions to look for more quiet and fashionable homes in the upper part of the city. For the last fifty years Mr. Whitney has resided on Bowling Green. In politics he was one of the oldest of the Old-Line Whigs, and a warm supporter of Henry Clay, for whose advantage he is said to have contributed liberally. Mr. Whitney leaves a large number of children and grandchildren. His eldest son-in-law, Hon. J. Phillips Phœnix, retired from business many years ago, after having acquired a large fortune, and died at his residence, which was in the immediate vicinity of the home of Mr. Whitney, twelve or fourteen months ago.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS AT FAULT.

A late extensive seizure of jewelry on board the *Asia* has terminated in a verdict in favor of the claimant. The lynx-eyed custom-house inspectors, in the performance of their duties, thought that a wealthy Mexican banker, traveling with his family and nearly 28,000 francs worth of jewelry, had "more than the law allowed;" but it being satisfactorily proved that the articles were for personal use, and not for merchandise, the Government consented to surrender the goods to the claimants, which was done.

PERSONAL.

Washington papers style Secretary Toucey's reception on Wednesday night the most successful affair of the season. Miss Lane was present, and also, *The States* says, Mrs. Senator Clay. Madame Van Limburg and other ladies of the diplomatic corps, with metropolitan belles, and numerous fair strangers. Among the guests were gentlemen of all positions in public life—secretaries and sketchers, commodores and common-councilmen, senators and students, reporters and representatives—men of reputation, men of intellect, men of wealth, and men possessing neither trait of character.

The *Churchman* has the following bit of gossip concerning Professor Huntington, late of Harvard College: "We have no authority for saying, though we have heard it mentioned by gentlemen who may be supposed to know, that it is the intention of Dr. Huntington to become a candidate for orders in the Church. The character of his late pulpit efforts imparts probability to the supposition."

There is a middle-aged lady who takes her sewing, goes into the Maine House of Representatives, seats herself in the area in front of the Speaker, and indulges in occasional responses to the speeches of the members, according to her caprice.

Governor Chase tells the story that when Lieutenant-Governor Newman of Tennessee was in Cincinnati with the Kentucky and Tennessee Legislatures, he was accompanied by his "body servant," a sprightly, saddle-colored "boy" of about thirty, who was conscious of his dignity. His master, who was in the habit of jesting with him familiarly, accosted him in the hall of the Neil House, just before the departure of the guests, with a "Why, Jack, haven't any of the Abolitionists carried you off yet?" "Yah! yah! Mass' Newman (quoth Jack), when I seed you gwine down de street arm in arm wid Gubner Dennison and Gubner Chase, I tot *you* were gone, sure—yah! yah!"

Mr. Speaker Pennington denies having had any thing to do with the payment of Mr. Clay's debts, and pronounces the story lately started by a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* a fabrication.

As Mr. Albert Rand, with his wife and three children, were driving over the ice on Lake George, the horse and sleigh suddenly went through a crack in the ice. The cries of the sufferers were not heard, although they were within a short distance of a house on the shore, but Mr. Rand succeeded in saving his wife and one child. The other two were drowned.

Dr. Breda, of Natchitoches Parish, Louisiana, has devoted much time to experiment with grapes. The result, says the Natchitoches *Union*, is the complete success of his efforts in producing grapes of the most superior quality, and a demonstration of the fact that wine can be raised profitably with comparatively little expense. By grafting the best varieties from France upon the wild grape-vines that grow so luxuriantly in the parish, he has now bearing plants that can not be excelled in Europe. The *Union* predicts the raising of wine in North Louisiana, at no distant period, which will command the suffrages of amateurs.

Edmond About's duel at Meudon is the talk of literary circles. He was winged by a small dabbler in journalism, editor of the *Orpheon*, a musical organ.

Here is an illustration of the vicissitudes of fortune. A few years ago one of the most active and successful business men in the city of Hudson was Leonard Wells. Every thing he touched turned into money. He once made $10,000 in an hour, by a purchase and sale of a piece of real estate. Fifteen years ago Mr. W. was worth $70,000. Shortly after this luck turned against him. He lost $34,000 by buying stock in the Hudson and Berkshire Railroad. This was followed by other losses, caused by indorsements. In less than eighteen months Mr. W. passed from affluence to extreme poverty—from being worth $70,000 to being worth not one cent. Mr. W. is now a resident of Albany, and earns a living for himself and family by peddling candies, apples, and dough-nuts.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* says that the services of Rev. Henry A. Wise, Jun., Rector of the Church of the Saviour, West Philadelphia, are attended by large numbers of Episcopalians. His style is different from that of his distinguished father, the Governor of Virginia, in that it is simple and direct. Mr. Wise is eloquent in delivery, although much embarrassed by a bronchial affliction which at times entirely prevents articulation, and interrupts him with a distressing cough. In appearance he is youthful and delicate, and when animated his gesticulation is graceful.

The New York correspondent of the Charleston *Courier* says that "a rumor obtains very generally here that the Hon. Daniel E. Sickles has 'experienced a change of heart,' and that he contemplates connecting himself with some church. His former friends say that they have noticed a marked difference in his conduct recently. At Washington he leads a very different life from what he once did. Before he leaves the Capital, it is thought he will make a public profession of Christianity."

It is stated that Mrs. Blandina Dudley has commenced proceedings in the Supreme Court at Albany to have a deed set aside which was obtained from her by Rutger B. Miller of Utica, and which conveyed to him a large portion of her estate. She says that her name was procured to the deed by his allegation that the paper was a mere power of attorney to transact certain business.

Mrs. Mary Howitt has addressed a note to the London *Critic* denying that she has joined the sect of Swedenborgians, however she may respect them as a body of Christians, and believing there are many deep truths in many of their religious doctrines.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE PROPOSED ANNEXATION OF SAVOY.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL had announced in Parliament that the Government could not produce the correspondence relative to the rumored annexation of Savoy to France; but he said that Count Walewski had assured Lord Cowley that the Emperor had no intention of proposing the annexation. The British Government sent a dispatch expressing satisfaction at this assurance.

THE SAN JUAN DIFFICULTY.

The London *Times*, in an editorial, explains the present position of the San Juan difficulty. It says:

"We have reason to think that the proposals made to the Americans are such as may fairly satisfy both countries. Instead of standing out for the Rosario Channel and the whole group of islands, as against the Haro Channel and none of them, a third channel is proposed for the boundary line, which will not only evade the two disputed courses, but will leave the Americans in possession of the largest share of the disputed territory. This channel, in its course, cuts off the Island of San Juan alone to the west, and consequently leaves us with this island only, while the Americans will retain the remainder. So considerable, in fact, is the concession thus made, that it reasonably suggests a little compensation, and we believe the American Government will be asked to give us the whole of a certain coast of headland which the forty-ninth parallel now cuts in two. We do sincerely hope this reasonable proposal will be accepted."

HER MAJESTY'S DRESS.

When Parliament was opened her Majesty wore a dress of pearl-colored satin with gold bars; over it a mantle of rich crimson velvet, with a deep and massive gold border. Her head-dress was a tiara of brilliants. The elder Princess wore a "slip"—whatever that is—of white tulle over a pale blue under-dress; round her head was a wreath of white roses. The younger Princess was dressed wholly in white, with a wreath of pink flowers as a head-dress.

BURNING OF THE SHIP "ENDYMION."

The ship *Endymion*, of the Dramatic line of New York packets, was destroyed by fire in the Mersey on the 31st ult. She was lying in the stream ready to sail, when a fire suddenly broke out from some unknown cause, about 4 o'clock in the morning. In addition to the crew, numbering 30, there were 25 second-cabin passengers on board. All of them were saved, together with their luggage. The vessel was scuttled, but the receding tide left her well out of water, and in spite of every exertion the flames raged for many hours, and the vessel was almost totally destroyed. She had a large and valuable cargo, consisting of machinery, silks, satins, crate goods, and general merchandise, some portions of which it was supposed would be saved in a damaged state. The loss is estimated at £30,000. The ship was insured, but it is not known whether the cargo is covered.

FRANCE.

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE "UNIVERS."

The *Moniteur* of Sunday, January 29, publishes the following report to the Emperor, relative to the suppression of *l'Univers*, signed by the Minister of the Interior:

"SIRE,—The journal *l'Univers* has made itself in the periodical press the organ of a religious party the pretensions of which are daily in more direct opposition to the rights of the State; its incessant efforts tend to dominate over the French clergy, to alarm consciences, to agitate the country, to undermine the fundamental bases upon which the affairs of the Church and of civil society are established.

"This open war waged against our most ancient national traditions is dangerous for religion itself, which it compromises by mixing it up with passions unworthy of it, by associating it with doctrines irreconcilable with the duties of patriotism, which the French clergy has never separated from its respectful submission to the Holy See in the spiritual order.

"The religious press has misunderstood the mission of moderation and of peace which it had to fulfill. The journal *l'Univers*, especially, heedless of the warnings given to it, daily attains the extreme limits of violence; to it are due those ardent polemics which lead infallibly to lamentable attacks upon its provocations, and the scandal of which is a source of deep sadness to the clergy as well as to all good citizens.

"The true interests of the Church, as well as those of public quiet, imperiously demand that these excesses should be put a stop to. A Government founded upon the national will does not fear discussion, but it is its duty to protect efficaciously public order, the independence of the State, the authority and the dignity of religion against those who seek to shake or compromise them.

"It is with this object in view that I propose to your Majesty to apply to the journal *l'Univers* the 32d article of the decree of the 17th of February, 1852, and to pronounce the suppression of that periodical publication. The doctrines and pretensions which that journal would like to resuscitate among us are not new; the old French monarchy always energetically opposed them; great Bishops at times powerfully seconded it in that opposition. Your Majesty will not show yourself less anxious than your predecessors to cause to be respected the principles consecrated by our national traditions.

"I am, with profound respect, Sire, of your Majesty the very faithful and very obedient servant and subject,

"BILLAULT.

"The Minister Secretary of State in the Department of the Interior."

THE DECREE.

The above report is followed by the subjoined Imperial decree:

"Napoleon, by the Grace of God and the national will Emperor of the French,

"To all present and future greeting:

"On the proposal of our Minister of the Interior,

"Considering Art. 32 of the organic decree of the 17th of February, 1852,

"Have decreed and decree as follows:

"*Art.* 1. The journal *l'Univers* is suppressed.

"*Art.* 2. Our Minister of the Interior is charged with the execution of the present decree, which will be inserted in the *Bulletin des Lois*.

"Done at the Palace of the Tuileries, the 29th of January, 1860. NAPOLEON.

"(Countersigned) BILLAULT,

"Minister of the Interior."

MR. COBDEN'S BAGGAGE.

The Paris correspondent of the Augsburg *Gazette* writes: "I gather from one of the managers of the *Chemin du Nord* that when Mr. Cobden arrived, some months ago, from England, his luggage weighed about 13,000 kilogrammes (?), that is to say, thirteen tons. It was immediately forwarded to St. Cloud. This parcel contained patterns of every kind of English produce. The Emperor went with Mr. Cobden over the whole of these articles, comparing quality, cost of production, and price with that of the corresponding articles of French manufacture. At that time nobody in Paris had an idea that Mr. Cobden had established a dépôt of English goods in the palace of St. Cloud, and was studying economical reform with the Emperor, as he once before had done with Sir Robert Peel. The Emperor made a good use of this opportunity to acquire commercial knowledge, and he thus became enabled to meet and conquer the deputations of the protectionists on their own ground."

A LUCKY DENTIST.

An American dentist in France is thus mentioned by the Paris correspondent of the *Evening Post*:

"There are not many of our readers who have not heard of Dr. Evans, the American dentist, as he is called, *par excellence*, and who has charge of the teeth of pretty much all the sovereigns of Europe, and of America too, I suppose, when the latter come to Paris. He made a flying professional visit the other day to Nice, at the instance of the former Empress of Russia. On parting, she presented him with a diamond ring valued at 60,000 francs—about $12,000. The Doctor and Mrs. Evans have received presents enough from crowned heads, in the shape of bracelets, watches, snuff-boxes, rings, and curious articles in gold and precious stones, to make him a millionaire, if he had their cost in money. There is, as I have already said, scarcely a sovereign on the Continent of Europe from whom he has not some costly testimonial.

"The sovereigns of France are warm friends of his; he is at the palace two or three times a week, whenever the Imperial family are in town, and he visits them frequently when they are absent. His intimacy at the palace has no doubt contributed somewhat to the demand for his services at foreign courts, for it is well known that he has frequently been the bearer of messages between his royal patients, which, though pregnant with important consequences, it was desirable not to invest with an official character. It is no doubt in some measure for services of this nature that he has been rewarded in a measure so disproportioned to any professional services it was possible for him to have rendered, skillful and eminent as he is in his vocation.

"The Doctor has been very prosperous; his income now, I am told, is over $60,000 a year, and he is investing constantly. He has a delightful house, which he built himself, on the Avenue Imperatrice, which leads into the Bois de Boulogne, and he is one of the American residents in Paris of whom his country people may well feel proud. He contributes liberally to every religious or charitable enterprise in which they are interested; and, in the simplicity of their domestic life, and the purity of their manners and morals, his family set an example which it would be well if our country people, when they come to the seductive metropolis, would more generally imitate."

THE STRUGGLE OF THE PROTECTIONISTS.

The French Protectionists are making desperate efforts against the Emperor's proposed commercial reform. Petitions are being numerously signed in all the manufacturing towns against the measure. On the other hand, the Emperor continues to receive the congratulatory addresses from important commercial bodies.

HOW TO GET PRESENTED TO COURT.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "The process of obtaining an invitation is very simple. You know that with the people of other countries, or at least of those living under monarchical governments, there is much more difficulty in gaining admittance to the presence of foreign royalty than there is for Americans, the rule with the Ministers of the former nations being to present no one to a foreign sovereign who has not been presented to his own. Any respectable American, however, who may be in Paris, by leaving his name at the American Legation, will be pretty sure of obtaining an invitation to 'pass the evening at the Tuileries,' issued in the name of the Emperor, by the Grand Chamberlain. After obtaining this, no great amount of preparation is required. The recipient must, if he have any scruples about putting on a court dress, sacrifice them, as he will not be permitted to enter the Palace without being attired in one, or in a uniform of some description. The dress worn by Americans is very simple, consisting of a blue dress-coat, with a single or double row of buttons, straight embroidered collar, with embroidery upon the cuffs and on the back; white or blue pantaloons, with a gold band at the side, a white vest and cravat, patent-leather boots, sword, and a cocked hat; or, if one happens to have a good calf, and is desirous of exhibiting it, he may wear tights and silk stockings and pumps, which is the strict court dress."

A CONSUL IN TROUBLE.

Writing of one of Mr. Buchanan's Consuls, the Paris correspondent of the *Post* says:

"Mr. Smith—Marshall Smith, I believe, is his name—who has been appointed Consul-General at Constantinople, left home with his first quarter's pay in his pocket, some $270, and nothing more, I am told, but his commission, and came to Paris, where he appears to have first learned to his surprise that a Consul's commission, even at Constantinople, was not a letter of credit, and that the draft of a man wrapped in the American flag needed an indorser here, just as much as if the drawer only wore a blouse. The consequence is that he is 'blocked up' at Meurice's. Mr. Smith has already provided himself with two Secretaries, one an acquaintance which he made on board the ship, and the other since his arrival."

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS IN THE STREET.

The same writer says: "Driving a pair of splendid bays attached to a box wagon, with the reins in his own hands, and handling them as though he were accustomed to it, without any outriders, equerries, or guards, the Emperor Napoleon came along the avenue. He was dressed with a black overcoat, and a hat which was of a fashion of its own. The points of his mustache looked particularly sharp, and his 'imperial' as though it had just come from the barber's. It required a steady hand and a quick eye to guide those dashing horses through the immense throng of vehicles of every description which filled the avenue, particularly as the driver, while keeping one eye upon the steeds, was obliged with the other to acknowledge the salutations which he received on every side, and he kept up a continual bowing. I consider myself a tolerably good democrat, but I took my hat entirely from my head as he passed. A great man is he—he has been successful, and cant as pseudo philosophers may about it, success is the true measure of great men, after all. The Emperor gives as yet no signs of age (he will be fifty-two on the 20th of April next), but looks as fresh and young, I think, as when I saw him five years ago, before he had the whole weight of Europe on his shoulders, and the Pope 'down on him.'

"A short distance behind him came the Empress in an open carriage, with outriders. She was dressed very plainly, but with scrupulous neatness, bowing to every body, and moving her lips to the form of what seemed to me '*Bon jour*.' She has faded very much within even the last year, and there is no doubt that the perplexing condition of European affairs has affected her physically even more than it has the Emperor. She will be thirty-four on the fifth of May next, and it is one of the *on dits* that she is in the same interesting condition which, four years ago, led her to hide her increasing figure beneath a mass of crinoline. She is good and kind-hearted. A few days since she sent a nice, newly-invented bed and mattress, intended for invalids, to an officer who was wounded at Solferino, with her personal hopes and wishes for his speedy recovery."

A ROYAL SCANDAL.

The *Times* correspondent writes:

"English society in Paris just now finds a nice bit of gossip in the movements of the young Prince of Orange, who has been in France for a month past. This young Prince, about twenty years of age, and heir to the throne of Holland, is destined, as you already know, to marry the Princess Alice, second daughter of Queen Victoria. But the Queen, having herself made a marriage of inclination, holds essentially to the doctrine that her children should have the same right, and thus it was arranged that, after a short stay at Paris, the young Prince was to go to Windsor to make himself agreeable to the Princess Alice, or, in other words, that there should be a little courting preliminary to the signing of the marriage contract. Just before the time fixed for the visit to London, the Queen learned from Paris, by some means or other, that the young Prince had found some agreeable, if not very respectable, company in the gay French capital, and that, to sum up the Prince's French visit in one word, he had been 'going it.' Now the Queen is a good mother and a good woman, as every one knows, and does not approve of such peccadilloes even in a Prince: so that just as his juvenile Highness was on the point of leaving Paris for London he received a telegraphic dispatch from the Hague peremptorily ordering him to forego his visit to London, and to start instantly for Bordeaux! The Prince's astonishment knew no bounds. Who ever heard of a Prince being exiled to the staid old vine-growing, brandy-making town of Bordeaux? What did it all mean? But the order came from the King, his father, and must be obeyed. The Queen was not willing to receive the young gentleman into her family fresh from his Parisian conquests, and thought a ventilation in the direction of Bordeaux, and a little penitence, would do no harm before allowing him to 'come between the wind and her Majesty.' She so intimated to King William of Holland, who seems to have held the same opinion.

"But now comes the most amusing part of the history, and a part which perhaps has not yet crossed the channel. The party had not gone far on the way to Bordeaux when the officers who form the suite of the young Prince, and who are charged with the safe keeping of his person as well as his morals, found to their consternation that three young ladies, belles of the chorégraphic corps of the Grand Opera, and the particular admiration of the Prince, were in the cars! Here was a situation for men charged with so onerous a burden.

"But we draw the vail over the melancholy journey to Bordeaux, and return with the Prince to Paris."

A TALE OF SORROW.

He adds: "An interesting tale of sorrow has just been brought to my knowledge through an application for charity. A young Jewess of New York, of a good family, but an orphan, and living with her uncle and aunt, was abducted from her home about a year ago by a Cuban; and after fleeing with him to Canada, then to Rome, in order to escape the vengeance of the brothers of the girl, at last arrived in Paris, where they now are. The girl has become the mother of a small child, and the Spaniard can not marry her for the obvious reason that he has already a wife at home. The parties are in a complete state of destitution, and with the pangs of hunger have arrived remorse and disease. In this condition a doctor of my acquaintance was sent for, and he found the woman and her child without food, and almost in a state of inanition. She begged to be sent home to her friends in America, and she promised never to see the man again as long as she lived. On his part he asked no better, and promised that he would leave her, and by the aid of his Spanish friends in Paris would manage to get back to Cuba. The parties have lived for several months on the charity of Spaniards and on pawns made to the brokers. But even these resources were exhausted when found by the doctor, who has since not only supplied all the wants of the young woman and her child, but has obtained for her a lodging-place with an American family until the funds can be raised to pay her passage to New York."

AN UNHAPPY AMERICAN GIRL.

We read from *Galignani's Messenger*: "A young woman, apparently about twenty-four years of age, was yesterday morning found lying senseless in a pool of blood, in the square Napoleon (Twentieth arrondissement). She was conveyed at once to the office of the Commissary of Police, and a medical man sent for. The supposition at first was that an attempt had been made to murder her, but the doctor found that a vein in her left arm had been opened. He bound up the vein, and restoratives being applied, the female recovered her senses. She then stated that she had attempted to commit suicide, in consequence of her lover, a working man, having abandoned her. She said she was an American, but did not state from what part of America she came. Having promised not to renew her attempt at suicide, she was taken home.

ITALY.

THE POLICY OF SARDINIA IN CENTRAL ITALY.

On the 27th January the Sardinian Minister for Foreign Affairs forwarded a circular to the Sardinian Embassadors abroad on the question of Central Italy. Cavour observes, that the inhabitants of Central Italy had accepted the Congress with confidence, but important events followed, which cause its adjournment.

The pamphlet *Le Pape et le Congres*, of which, without seeking its authority, no one can contest the importance; the letter of Napoleon to the Pope; the speech of the Queen of England, and the speech of Palmerston in the House of Commons, are facts which show the impossibility of the restoration of the ancient rule in Central Italy. It is certain that the Congress will not be assembled for the present. The Government of Central Italy being satisfied on their part, wished also to satisfy these provinces by proclaiming the law of Sardinia for political reasons for the present. Only announcing these facts, Cavour concludes by stating that he will never fail in his responsibility for the tranquillity of Europe, and the pacification of Italy.

THE ANNEXATION OF SAVOY TO FRANCE.

The Paris journals publish a dispatch from Chambery which states that, on the 29th, the party hostile to the accession of Savoy to France made a demonstration. Nearly two hundred and fifty persons assembled from all parts of Savoy, at the request of the residents of Chambery, and asked information from the Governor as to whether it was the intention of the King of Sardinia to cede the Province to France. The Governor replied that the King would not willingly cede the Province. The statement was received with some cries of "Vive le Roi!" The population of Chambery were complete strangers to the demonstration, which took place in the street, and it was inferred that their feelings were consequently sympathetic with France.

GARIBALDI'S MARRIAGE.

As some doubts existed as to the truth of the intelligence of General Garibaldi's marriage with Mademoiselle Josephine Raimondi, at Fino, we may state that the *Corriere Mercantile*, of Genoa, of the 27th ult., confirms it by quoting a letter from Como. Count Posso Lambertenghi, a cousin of Silvio Pellico, was one of the witnesses for the bride; M. Valeri, a deputy of the late Piedmontese Chamber, was the General's witness.

AUSTRIA.

TROUBLES IN THE AUSTRIAN DOMINIONS.

At latest dates it was considered not unlikely that a state of siege would be proclaimed in Hungary as well as Venetia before long. Agitation continually prevailed at Venetia. In the course of one day seven officers were attacked and wounded in Verona, and the cavalry were ordered to clear the streets. Attempts were made to hoist the tricolored flag at Chioggia, Portesco, and Palestriana. Numerous individuals had been arrested at Venice for insulting persons promenading while military music was being performed. The authorities of Venice had been made acquainted with the determination of Austria to retain that place and defend it to the utmost.

MEXICO.

ADVANCE OF MIRAMON ON VERA CRUZ.

The schooner *Star* has arrived at New Orleans with Vera Cruz dates to the 10th inst.

Miramon left the City of Mexico on the 8th for Vera Cruz, with 5000 men, and his advance-guard was reported to be at National Bridge.

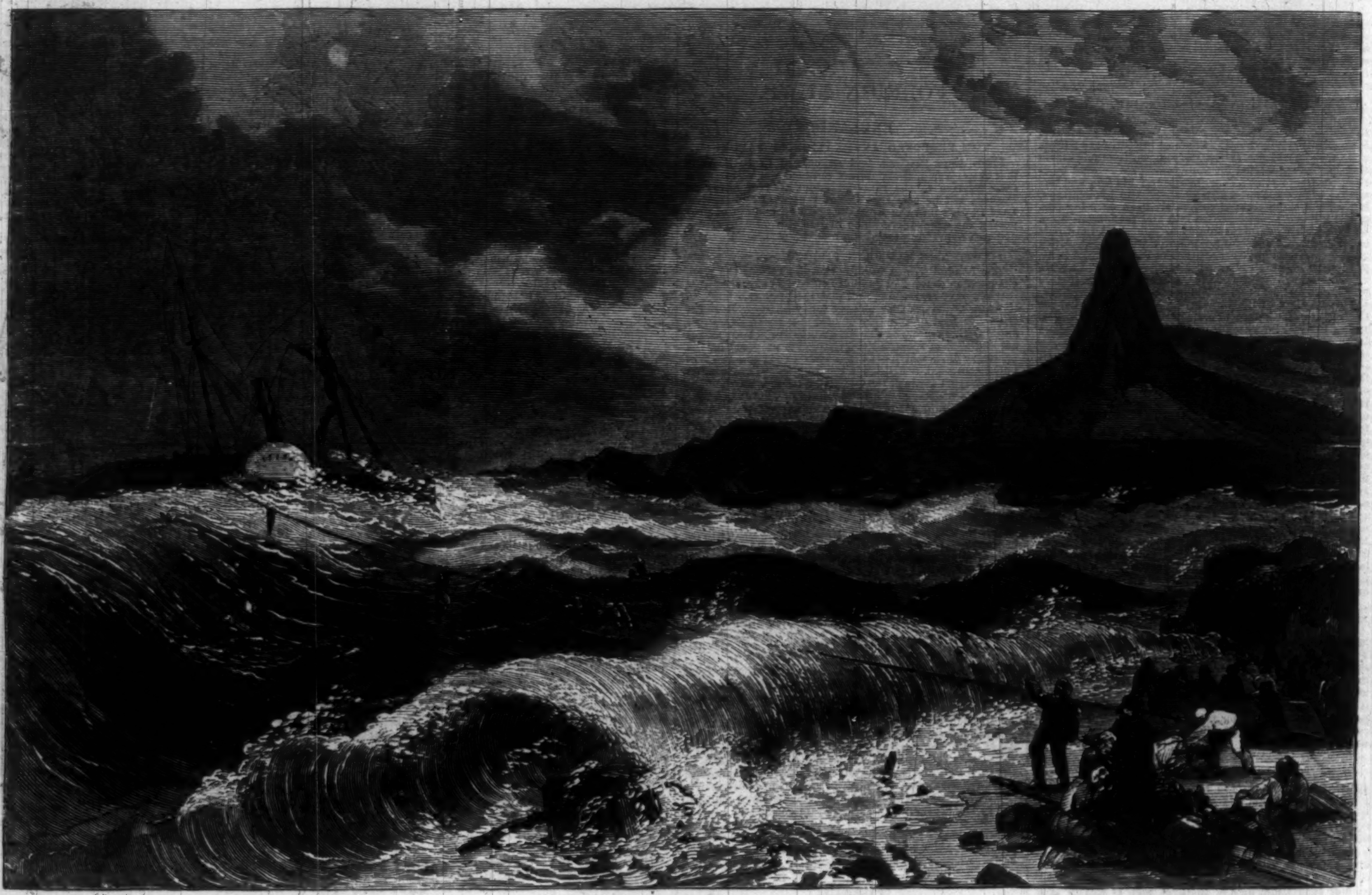
Vera Cruz had been declared in a state of siege.

The *Saratoga* was at Vera Cruz.

AUSTRALIA.

TWO EUROPEAN GIRLS RESCUED FROM SAVAGES.

The Sydney *Herald* gives an account of the rescue of two European girls from Fraser Island, believed to be the only survivors out of all the passengers wrecked in the *Sea Belle*. They were taken from the natives of the island on the 22d of October; were found sixty miles inland. *The Herald* says: "The girls appear to be about the respective ages of fifteen and sixteen years. Their appearance is heart-rending: their bodies, emaciated from long suffering and exposure to the weather, are covered with a coating of hair; the skin, stained by their tormentors to assimilate with their own, had become spotted and wrinkled, as if from old age; the nose has been flattened by force, the limbs distorted, and the vacant stare of idiocy has left these poor creatures in appearance human, and although enabled gradually to recognize such things as they must have been in the habit of seeing hourly before they fell into the hands of the natives, their acquaintance with their mother tongue is, as yet, apparently quite gone." Other Europeans are believed to be prisoners of the blacks on Fraser Island.

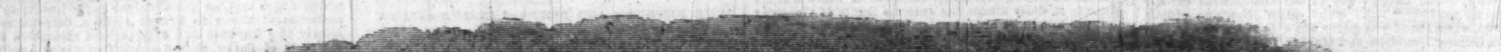


WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP "NORTHERNER."—[FROM A SKETCH BY A PASSENGER.]—SEE PAGE 123.

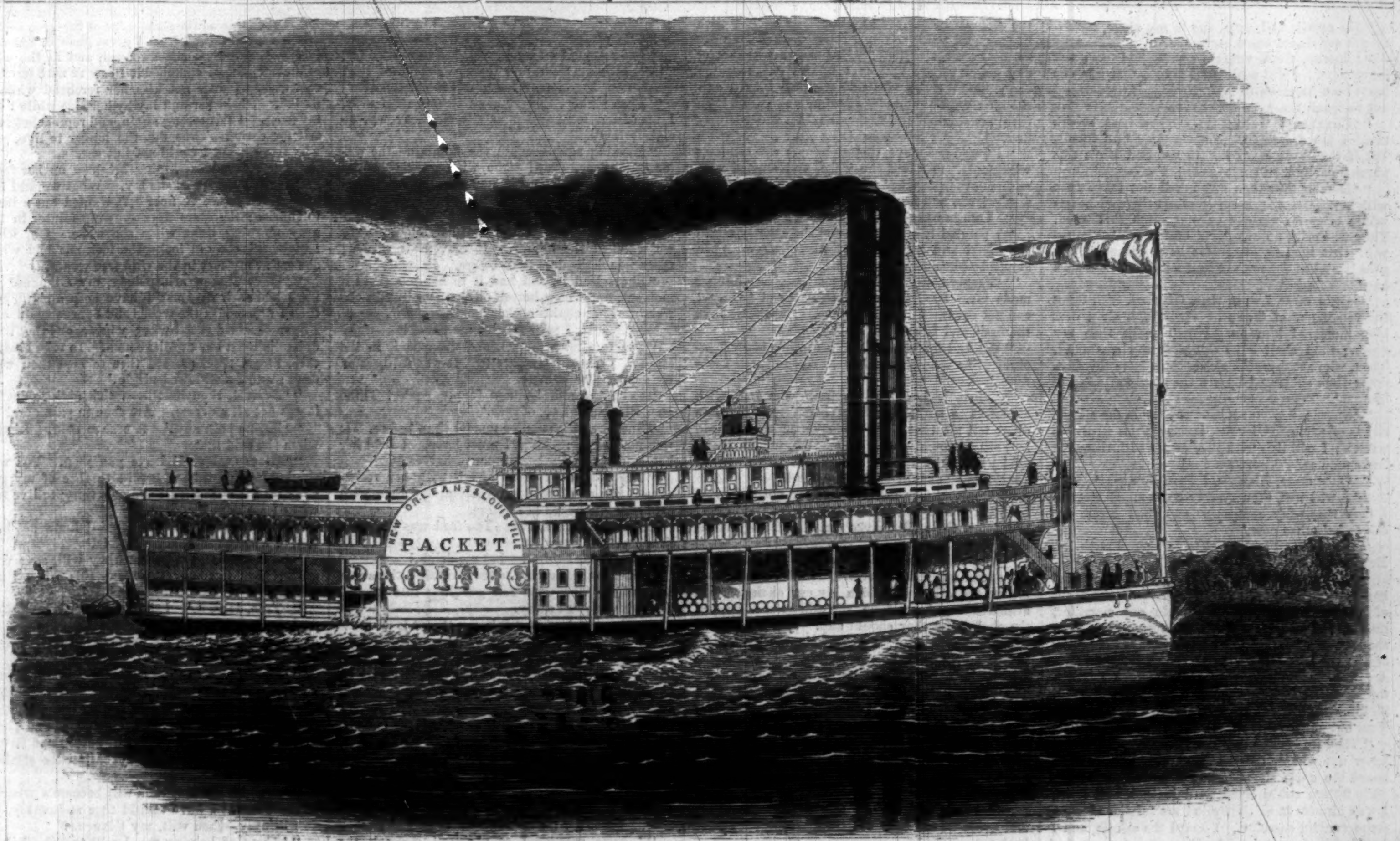
BRIDGE OVER GREEN RIVER—LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD.

THIS structure, of which we present an engraving herewith, is one of those great works which, as triumphs of man's intelligence and energy over the obstacles interposed by nature to his free communication and commerce with his fellows, are looked upon in every country as fit subjects of national pride and eulogy. It is—with the single exception of the Victoria Bridge at Montreal—the largest iron bridge on this continent. It crosses the valley of Green River near the town of Mumfordsville, Kentucky, and twenty miles above the celebrated Mammoth Cave, which is located on the same stream. Its total length is 1000 feet, consisting of three spans of 208 feet and two of 288 feet each; is 118 feet above low-water; contains 638,000 pounds of cast and 381,000 pounds of wrought iron, and 2500 cubic feet of timber in the form of rail-joists. There are 10,220 cubic yards of masonry in the piers and abutments. The cost of the superstructure, including that of erection, was sixty-eight dollars per foot lineal—that of the entire work, $165,000. The plan of truss is that invented by Albert Fink, the designer and constructer of the bridges and viaducts on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; and is peculiar in this, that it is self-compensating and self-adjusting, and nc extremes of temperature can put it in such a condition that all the parts can not act in their accustomed manner and up to their full capacity.

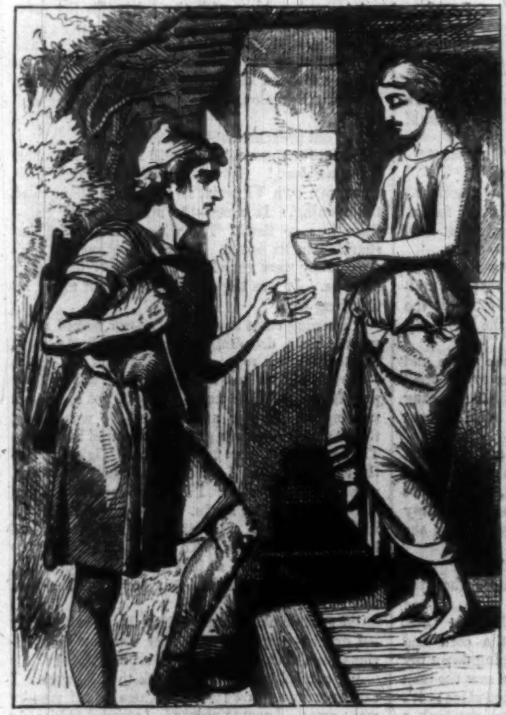
The construction of the masonry of this bridge was commenced in the month of April, 1857, and completed in March, 1859. The iron work of the superstructure, which was built by Inman & Gault, of Louisville, was begun in July, '58, and the entire bridge was in its place, and ready for the regular passage of trains, by the 1st of July, 1859. The first span was erected in February, '59. The work of raising the false works for the reception of the superstructure was one of no inconsiderable difficulty. Before the regular use of the bridge it was thoroughly and severely tested with the heaviest loads that could possibly be placed upon it, as also with loads moving with the greatest attainable velocity. The deflections caused by the different loads agreed in all cases with those previously calculated from the known extension and contraction of the materials, thus affording mathematical proof of the excellence of the design, the faithfulness of its execution, and the correctness of the builders' estimates of its proportions and consequent strength.



BRIDGE OVER GREEN RIVER, ON THE LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD.



THE STEAMER "PACIFIC."—[SEE PAGE 123.]



"I DRANK MILK FROM THE CUP SHE HANDED ME."

THE PYTHAGOREAN:

A TALE OF THE FIRST CENTURY.

"Who shall deliver me from this *body of death?*"
ST. PAUL.

"I REMEMBER," said Claudius—an old, gray-bearded man, a minister of one of the early Christian churches in the first century—"I remember my youth. I was the son of an Athenian. Both my parents died before I knew them, and left me to the care of an old man, my father's eldest brother. He was a disciple of the doctrines of the Pythagoreans. He taught me well. From him I learned how to live; the luscious fruit, the sweet honey, the wholesome grain—these were our food. Exercises of all kinds, and study in its season, helped the flight of time till I became a man, then he died and left me his small property. I knew a trade—that of a carpenter—and with the money he left me and my trade I traveled much—in Greece, Egypt, and Italy. Still I felt unsatisfied with my lot. There was a void here," and the old man placed his shriveled hand upon his heart, "that would not fill.

"One day—that day is as yesterday—I felt the void was gone; the place was filled! I was walking in one of the woods, near to a city in the north of Italy, when I heard a footstep behind me. The leaves rustled as though dancing to the music of the faint breeze that sighed among the tops of the young trees. I turned, and beheld—Virginia! just such a sun shone on her."

The old man paused in his walk, full in front of the window. The reddish light cast a glow upon his features, and he seemed to blush as did the youth when first he saw his idol.

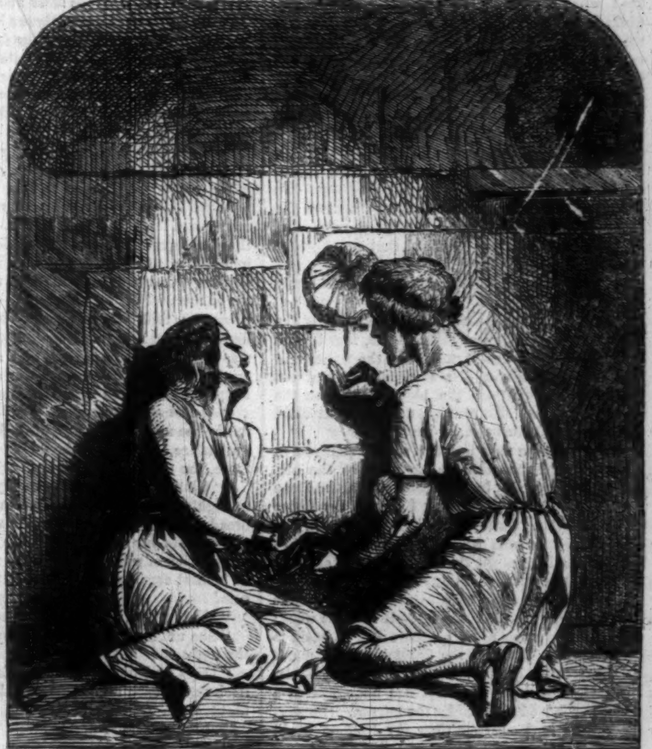
"Virginia! Shall I ever forget thee!"

He had quite lost his hearers now, while they eagerly drank in his words.

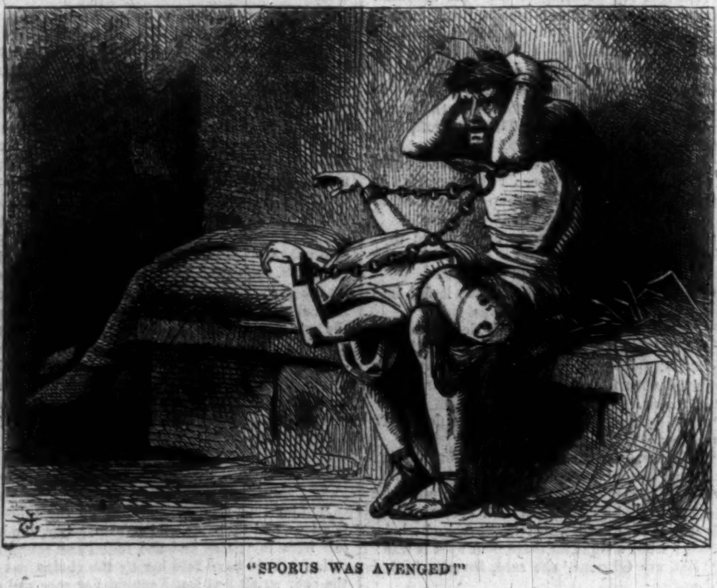
"Her step, her mien, her face! The void was gone. She bore upon her head a vessel of milk, which she poised gracefully with one arm uplifted, and with the other held her tunic from contact with the damp grass, for the dew was falling. I followed her—saw her deliver the vessel which was emptied—and returned to her. She came back by the same path, carelessly swinging the vessel by one of its handles and singing some childish lay. I had heard in my own city the voices of the hired singers of the great, but never did my ears drink in such melody as flowed from that swelling throat. She thought she was alone, and warbled like a bird. I followed her still, and saw her enter a poor, mean cottage near the borders of the wood. It was not long before I found an excuse in my thirst to call there. I drank milk from the cup she handed me. It was the nectar of the gods."

His hearers started. Where was the Nazarene now? He was gone. It was a young man with the full tide of passion flowing in his veins to whom they listened.

"The father was a slave of Sporus the magistrate of the district, but was allowed by his owner to have all the privileges of freedom on payment of a certain sum at every month. He was a carpenter, his wife kept a few cows from which the household of Sporus was supplied. I soon hired myself to the father, and being a good workman raised myself in his esteem; why need I delay, I wooed Virginia—I won her. All the freshness of her girlhood's love was mine. At evenings she would listen to me as I detailed for her my travels by sea and land. She, too, could teach me something, for she had with her mother joined the Nazarenes, the Christians.



"I FILLED MY JOINED HANDS WITH THE WATER, AND SHE DRANK EAGERLY."



"SPORUS WAS AVENGED!"

"We were to have been united—all was ready, two moons only had to run their course and she was mine. Alas! how we build on sand.

"Sporus had often seen Virginia. He knew she was his slave. I knew it too. I must buy her freedom. I went to his house, saw him; he asked to see her again. I urged that it could not affect the price—he would see her. He saw her—he refused—I could not marry a slave. What could we do! I offered him thrice her value as a slave—he still refused; and why? He wanted her for himself!

"Virginia not my wife, but the slave and mistress of Sporus! The thought was horrible. Wealth can do much. I persuaded her to flee.

"It wanted but a week of the day fixed, when she, as her custom was, went to the house of Sporus with her milk. I was at work, and saw her go. She was longer than usual returning. I watched the openings in the trees through which she was to come. She came not. I could not endure the suspense—I went to meet her. I reached the wood, I heard her scream. I should have known that voice any where. I ran—I found her with disordered dress and disheveled hair struggling in the arms of her master, Sporus.

"I struck him to the earth, and she twined her arms round me and clung to me, as though dreading to lose me.

"'Loose me, dearest, I am powerless. See he rises.'

"She left me free, but took fast hold of my girdle, as though there was safety in the very act of touching me.

"He rose. 'Glaucus, she is my slave, her father is my slave, leave her to me.'

"'Sporus, thou wretch accursed, I will not leave thee. I will with these fingers tear thy vile heart from its place to feed the dogs if thou darest but to touch the hem of her robe.'

"'Glaucus, I warn thee. Thou hast struck me. I am a Roman. I never forget an insult. Yet if thou wilt leave her to me, and leave this place thyself, thou shalt cheat my revenge.'

"'Demon that thou art, I will not leave thee with her. Thou art more vile than the very beasts whose cries do nightly echo through this wood. They wed with no unwilling mates, while thou—wolf that thou art—wouldst have despoiled this poor lamb but for me. I will not leave thee with her.'

"'Once more I warn thee, Glaucus, tempt not the vengeance of Sporus. Virginia, if thou dost love him, bid him go. I will make thee my queen; thou shalt have slaves at thy command. Thou, who art thyself a slave, shalt have thy freedom; thou shalt wed Sporus the magistrate. Bid him go.'

"'Sporus, I would not be thy bride for all the riches of earth. Glaucus, leave me not with this wretch; I will live with thee or die with thee, but leave me not.'

"'Once more, Glaucus, I warn thee, go!'

"'I will not, thou doubly condemned wretch. I defy thee—thy country's laws thou darest not ask to help thee now.'

"'Glaucus—Virginia—I have warned ye thrice. Beware the vengeance of Sporus!'

"He left us—she fell into my arms—I carried her home. The seven days had passed—the night of flight had come. We stole out together, reached the wood in safety; not a sound but from the leaves—the waving of the living, the crushing of the dead under our feet. Hope lit her lamp. A few hours and we should be safe. I heard a sound—other feet. O God! They had us bound, blindfolded, gagged, in a moment. Hope's lamp went out never to be rekindled.

"They hurried us through the wood, and then I know not where, till we came to a building. I heard the gates shut. They fastened my wrists with fetters softly lined with leather, and light. I was almost free. They led me further along a stone vaulted corridor. I heard the echoes, and I heard her footsteps. A door opened; my feet rustled on straw. The gag was taken from my mouth; the bandage from my eyes. Oh, Christus! what a pitiable sight met my gaze. Virginia was kneeling on the ground, her face upraised to mine. I could see by the dim light that came from a large opening above that she was bound as I was; but—oh, Sporus! thou child of Tartarus—her fetters were so heavy she could scarcely lift them unaided.

"There was a window in the place. I rushed toward it. She screamed, and was dragged with me. We were linked together—most cruel mockery!

"I sat down on the stone bench against the wall. She leaned on me. We spoke not. Our hearts were too full. I noticed that my slightest movement caused her pain. I could see her eyes close and the lips compressed even in that shady light.

"Morning broke at last; then I found why the lips compressed in pain. Her fetters, four fingers broad, had the edges turned in to the wrists and filed to points like a fine saw. They had cut through the skin, and the blood flowed on the hands and arms. No wonder, now, the poor child screamed so piteously at my movement.

"The place we were in was a small square room with a partial roof, the middle open to the air. Through the centre, in a channel cut in the stone floor, ran a stream of water. I dipped my finger and tasted it. It was salt to bitterness. On one side of the room was the stone bench on which we had sat the long night through. On the opposite side ran two small fountains—the one water, the other wine. One flowed into a basin till it was full, then ran over and was lost—it was the wine; the other ran away at once—there was no basin to collect that. Between the fountains, at a man's height from the ground, was a circular metal mirror. Other objects the room had none, except a trough or ledged shelf under the mirror. The windows were high—higher than my head—I could just catch sight of the distant hill-tops through them. Such was our prison.

"I looked from the windows to her face. It was the old look, one of love and confidence, which it spoke better than words:

"'Glaucus, thou hast not kissed me since we came here.'

"'My poor child' (she was small and delicate; I called her child sometimes), 'I have had sad thoughts; to think that I have brought thee to this suffering, those fetters, galls me to madness.'

"'They do not hurt me much when you are quite still; it's when you move they hurt me. But oh, my Glaucus! it is I that brought thee here, not thou me. Thou mightest have been happy but for me. Ah! woe is me that I should thus have harmed thee!'

"'Yet, Virginia, I would rather be here with thee than free with any other. Thou art mine in life or death.'

"'Means he to starve us here?'

"'Alas! I know not what he means. See, there is water—drink!'

"I lifted her fetters, and she came to the fountain and knelt. I filled my joined hands with the water, and she drank eagerly.

"'Wilt not thou drink, Glaucus?'

"And she tried to fill her hands as I had done. I saw the lips firmly set and the tears start to her eyes with the pain of those horrible fetters' teeth.

"'Nay, love, I will thus,' and I let the full stream fall into my parched mouth.

"We went back to the bench. I threw her fetters on my knee, to take their weight; and so the day toiled slowly away. The blood coagulated round the wrists, and the least movement tore open the wounds afresh. She slumbered at last with fatigue and pain. How fair she looked as, lying on my breast, she slept! Her breath was shorter and faster than I had ever known it. Evening came, and the sun was just sinking, when I saw the mirror move and close again; and on the shelf there stood bread and flesh—the flesh was scarcely dressed.

"I dared not move, though hunger was rampant within me. At last she woke, and started with surprise, then shrieked with pain. Those accursed fetters! she had forgotten them.

"'I am hungry—is there no food?'

"I pointed it out to her, and she eagerly seized the bread and began to eat ravenously. Then stopped—put down the bread.

"'Forgive me! I did forget thee, but hunger made me. See! there is flesh—it is of swine—I can not eat it. I am a Nazarene. Thou shalt have the flesh, and I the bread, Glaucus.'

"She had forgotten I was a disciple of Pythagoras. She ate—I gave her drink—and still I was famished.

"'Thou dost not eat thy flesh,' she said, with an effort to smile. 'Ah! I had forgotten, thou didst tell me that thou hadst never tasted flesh, and all the bread—all is gone. Oh, wretch that I am! I have killed thee. Thou wilt perish of hunger while I am full. Oh, woe is me!'

"'Dearest, fear not! I hunger not. Sorrow hath taken away desire for food.'

"I felt the mad wolves gnawing in my vitals then.

"And then came another night. I had placed her on my one knee as before, with her hands resting on the other, on which lay our chains. One arm was round her form, the other hand gripped the chains lest they should slip. She slumbered. The stars grew dim; I was awakened by a wild shriek and a jerk at my fetters. I had fallen asleep, the hand relaxed its hold, a movement of hers had thrown the chains from my knee toward the ground. The whole weight of the united mass was jerked on her slender wrists. What wonder that wild scream of anguish! She had fainted. I carried her to the fountain to bathe her bleeding arms. The stream was *less!* She recovered, and expressed such sorrow for having awoke me that my eyes filled with tears. She kissed them away, and again we sat as before, till morning once more broke.

"I had noticed the previous day that all round the room there were openings near the bottom of the wall reaching to the floor about a span high. There came through one of these a large rake, which pulled the straw from under our feet, then a large fleece of wool on the end of a pole with which the floor was washed; and soon after a large bundle of straw was flung down from the opening in the roof. There was system in all this: we should be there some time: God only knew how long.

"How I longed for evening—for food. She talked to me of her youth, and then of her change of faith; never had she been so dear to me as at that moment. All the longings of my nature after purity and truth had been chilled by contact with the professors of the various religions. I was half inclined to think there was no truth or purity in any worship, in any God. But then she taught me of the God of the Nazarenes—of the Man-God Christus; told me of his deeds, his life of benevolence, his cruel death. I could not deny that truth was here, here was purity; and as she talked to me I felt I could believe. I was a believer in the Prophet of Nazareth from that time.

"At last evening came. We both watched intently the mirror. The light flashed a moment on its surface, it turned, the bread and flesh were there, the mirror closed again.

"'Glaucus, thou shalt have thy share of bread to-night.' She broke it in halves: there was less bread than the day before. She saw IT, too.

"We ate our bread in silence. I gave her the last portion of mine. She kissed me, and devoured it most eagerly, and looked at the flesh—it was *raw!*

"'Not yet, dearest!' I said, 'not yet.'

"She understood me, and we lay down again for the night.

"Days and nights passed. Each day saw the fresh straw, each night there was less bread. One night there was *no* bread, and but little flesh. That night I saw IT first!

"She lay asleep, breathing quickly, with the fever-flush upon her cheek; not a sound save her breathing, the murmuring of the salt stream at our feet, and the trickling of the wine fountain. I saw IT then—I could not look at her. I could not endure that she should be there so still. I woke her with kisses.

"'What dost thou want, Glaucus?' she said, peevishly, 'thou hast awakened me to pain. I was dreaming of home, and had forgotten these, and thou hast put them on again. Thine are soft, thou dost not feel them; let me sleep.'

"I murmured not at her reproach, and again she slept, and again IT came. I shut my eyes, IT was still before them; I looked up at the stars, IT hid them: I could not see for IT.

"Morning came—she awoke fevered and dry. 'Water, Glaucus, or I perish!' I led her to the fountain. The *stream* had become *drops!*

"I held my hand, as drop by drop it fell into the palm, and then put it to her lips.

"'More, Glaucus, more! Stay, let me come.'

"She put her lips to the aperture, while I held her fetters, and drank; then sank into my arms exhausted with the effort. The day passed in a sort of torpor.

"Evening came—no bread, and less flesh. IT was nearer.

"'Glaucus, I must eat! Christus, forgive me! but I must eat. Give me the flesh.'

"I gave it her. She tore it from my reluctant hand like a wild animal, and with her teeth and nails rent it into shreds, which she bolted whole. Ye gods! what a sight for these poor eyes it was!

"'Eat, my Glaucus,' she said, fiercely, 'eat, I say.'

"'But thou'lt not have enough, Virginia.'

"'True! Thou, Glaucus, shalt eat to-morrow.'

"Eat to-morrow! I kissed her lips, still wet with the juicy flesh, and tasted—oh, it was life! To-morrow! to-morrow! would it never come?

"That night I saw IT more clearly than ever. I could not look at her as she slept, IT was so clearly there.

"Morning again—again the fountain—the water drop, drop, drop! The wine gurgled in its plenty—we both heard it, had heard it, it always ran so.

"'No love; not yet, not yet.'

"Evening again. With what horrible intensity we watched the mirror. It moved—it turned; there was flesh—less than before.

"She seized it, and had it to her mouth in a moment, and threw herself on the floor to take the weight of her chains off her hands.

"'Virginia, I perish: give me to eat!'

"She tore off a morsel, and dropped it in the straw. I seized it and ate it. It was fullness of life: more I must have.

"'Virginia, more!—more, for pity's sake! Thine own Glaucus asks it of thee.'

"She tore off a smaller morsel than before. It was maddening. More I must have. I held her hands, and tore the remainder in halves.

"The poor wrists bled afresh with her resistance. She swallowed her portion, and then with eager tongue licked her fetters.

"I was a man again. The food was like new life: but still I saw IT.

"'Glaucus, I thirst. Let me drink.'

"Once more I led her to the fountain: there was no water! The wine ran gurgling into its full basin, and flowed away.

"'Glaucus, I must drink, my throat is on fire!'

"I saw frenzy in her eyes. I could not deny her longer. 'But a little, dearest Virginia! but a little.' She put aside my hands with the wine in them, impatiently, and stooped down to the basin and drank.

"I thought she would never cease; at last she did—raised her flushed face to mine.

"'Drink, Glaucus! drink! My fetters pain me not: I am cool now.'

"In a few minutes she looked at me again, and put her arms about me: her fetters were lighter now. I met her look.

"I have wandered at nightfall through the streets, and seen eyes that as a boy I wondered at, as a youth admired, as a man pitied. My God! my God! those eyes looked at me now! My own Virginia, pure as an angel, was looking at me as those eyes only can look.

"'Glaucus, dearest Glaucus!' and her arms tightened round me, and her lips were pressed to mine. Her breath, odorous of wine, half-suffocated me. Would that I had died before I had been obliged to recognize in this fierce drunken girl my own Virginia! Yet it was so. I could not return her fierce caresses.

"'Dost thou not love me, dearest Glaucus?'"

* * * * * *

The old man paused, choked with his emotions.

"The horrors of that night I shall never forget. I struggled, and I conquered. She slept at last, the heavy, dead sleep of those given to wine.

"I wiped the dews from her brow again and again till morning came. She woke not; the midday came, and still she slept. I saw IT all the time—all through the lone night as she lay in my arms I saw IT.

"As the sun was going down she woke and looked at me with a new light in her eyes; cried for water. I had not a drop. Then she sang again some hymn of childhood, then knelt in front of me.

"'Marcus' (she thought she was a child again, and I her brother), 'I'll make thee a garland,' and she gathered the straw of the place, put the ears together, and made a garland; then put it on my head. I helped her by holding the fetters; she thought I held her.

"'Let me go, Marcus—let me go.'

"'Nay, Virginia, thy Marcus loves thee too well.'

"She looked from my face to her hands. 'See, I've found some poppies among the corn and squeezed them; see, the juice is running down my arm. I'll paint thee, Marcus, as we saw the man from Britain painted in the market-place; it's red, not blue; but never mind;' and she took a few pieces of the straw and put them to her poor arms, and with her own dear blood streaked my face.

"'Now I'll kiss thee, Marcus, and we'll go home. I must have milk.'

"I humored her, and we walked about the room. I gave her a few drops of wine, and she was contented and slept.

"Evening again. I watched the mirror alone. The flesh came—less than ever. I feared to wake her, yet I *must* eat. I took her softly in my arms, and moved toward the ledge. I reached it. I must free one hand for a moment. I reached the flesh, but I felt her heavy chains slipping. They fell, jerked her arms violently, and with a loud clang reached the floor. She woke, gave one look at my face, all blood-stained as it was, and shouted 'Glaucus, Glaucus! help! Sporus—thou demon, let me go!' She tore my face with her nails and bit me, and shrieked again and again. I've heard the cry of the wild bird—I've heard the cry of the despairing seamen, as they struggled in the waves—I've heard the wildest of all sounds, the wind among the mountain pines, but I never heard such a sound as that before or since. I hear it now!" and the old man put his hands to his ears, as if to keep out the sound.

"She thought it was Sporus; and struggled for life.

"'I am thine own—thy Glaucus.'

"'Liar that thou art,' and again the cries for Glaucus, and the same wild scream. She tore herself from my grasp and fled round and round the cell. I could have held her by the chains but for the poor wrists; at last I caught her robe and she fell, but it was on the sharp edge of the wine basin, and the blood flowed from a great gash in her fair forehead, and then she swooned, and in the odor of that blood as I stanched it I saw IT with terrible clearness. I dare not kiss her forehead while it flowed. I held her and lay by her side while I ate my feast. I felt strong again, and reproached myself for eating—'twas but the longer to live, and why live? Yet I could not but eat.

"The moon was shining brightly on her face, and again I saw IT as she lay. What would I not have given to see IT not? It wanted but a little to sunrise; the stars were growing fainter in the gray morning light when she woke. Oh, what happiness! the old look—the look she had when she sat at my feet in the wild free woods.

"'Have I been asleep long, my Glaucus? I have had such dreams; I have been a child, and then I dreamed of the woods and Sporus again, and I have dreamed that I was thy bride, and that thou didst die upon our nuptial couch. In vain I called thee, kissed thee, pressed thee to me—thou wert dead; and I a widowed virgin.'

"'Dearest, thou hast been sick nigh to death; it was not all a dream. Art thou in pain now?'

"'No, no pain now.' IT was *so* near. I knew when she said that.

"'Glaucus, I shall leave you soon. You will think of those things I said to thee of my god Christus? Wilt thou have any thing to live for, when I am gone?'

"'I shall go soon too, I hope—I know not how to live without thee, my Virginia.'

"'But men die not when they will, save with guilt; thou yet mayest escape this when I am gone.'

"'True, dearest.' I should not have been there an hour but for her and her chains. Freedom or death was the work of a moment; the windows I could reach easily.

"'Glaucus; wilt thou grant me a last request?'

"'Ay, my life; any thing that thou wilt ask.'

"She reached up her face to kiss me. She had no strength. She fell back. I stooped and kissed her. We could have wept, but nature had no useless moisture for tears—the eyeballs were strained and dry.

"'Promise me that thou wilt become a preacher of those truths I have taught thee so humbly, yet so willingly—thou wilt, my Glaucus?'

"'Thy God helping me, I will preach Christus among men till death summon me to thee, love. Soon, soon! O God, soon!'

"'I am *so* happy.' She looked so. I felt she was happy.

"'Christus, bless with thy spirit this thy servant. Make his labors for thy cause, for thy glory, successful. Bless us both, O Christus!' She paused, put up her chained arms to my neck, drew my face to hers, kissed me tenderly. 'Bless my Glaucus, O gracious Christus!' she murmured, and so died."

The old preacher sobbed not alone.

"I let her lips chill mine, still I moved them not. She was dead! Sporus was well avenged: his slave, my own Virginia, was dead; I thought of the evening. It came—the mirror moved not—there was *no* flesh. The wine still gurgled and sparkled in its basin. I looked toward the windows, they were gone!—there was *no* escape. IT must be. IT was there with me all that night, all that long day.

"Evening came again—the mirror moved not—IT was near, dreadfully near. I took my robe, twisted it into a rope, and put it round my throat—drew it tighter and tighter—I could not keep my promise—I *must* die now. I could not look upon IT longer. Tighter and tighter—IT was going, thank God! All was growing dim and indistinct. Tighter yet—IT was nearly gone. Tighter yet—the earth opened. I fell down a fathomless abyss, and all was darkness. I knew no more.

"Alas! I woke again. It was night. I felt weaker—I saw I was still *there;* the robe had broken and saved me. To what? There she lay so calm, so peaceful, so holy, in her sleep of death. I could hardly think she was dead, yet she was, and I saw IT there.

"I *must* drink. I crawled to the wine fountain—I drank—deeply—but hunger was now more furious than ever, and there was no flesh.

"I carried her carefully back to the bench. I saw IT coming now! A giddiness seized me—IT went away—I saw IT nearer. I stooped to kiss her lips. IT was nearer still again. I stopped—and once again—and then—My God! IT had COME! at last. IT WAS THERE! God forgive me! but I was MAD!

* * * * * *

"I was a king! I feasted royally, plenty was mine. I slept on a bed of softest down. I ate when I pleased, I drank—how I drank!—'twas strange, my hands were bound still.

* * * * * *

"I was a runner in the games. I saw the assembled throng. I heard their murmurs when they saw my form. I had fleetness—we started. The circus was small, very small. I found I drew after me a weight. I knew no such game—it was new, but I would run. I ran faster and faster; the pace was killing me; my eyes started from their sockets, the golden apple rolled before me—I stooped for it—I fell, and all was dark once more.

* * * * * *

"I woke. I was a gladiator. Once more the arena, and still *so* small. I saw my foe. He was so like myself! He must have fought just before, the fresh blood was on his face. I moved cautiously—he was gone—I watched—moved again—he came back. I lifted my hand to strike, I was not free—neither was he—it was a new game, but I would fight. He raised his fist—I struck at his face with all my force—I hit him—but we both fell—he was under. He was bound to me! I struck again and again. I had killed him now. Again and again I struck—he moved. I seized him by the throat. We rolled over and over each other—and then he was quite still. I watched and drank, and slept while I watched.

* * * * * *

"I woke again; it was dark. I was a prisoner chained to—what?—a stone—a wet stone! Ha! ha! they had tied me with ropes, with knotted ropes! I felt for a knife—I had none—I could not see.

"They forgot the prisoner's teeth! I gnawed and twisted the ropes all the long night—they were old and rotten—they stank in my nostrils; but I gnawed on, and I was free once more.

"I was free! I ran, I jumped, I leaped. I danced to wild music that seemed close to me. I was free! I was in the wild woods once more—the trees waved, the wind kissed my cheek as of yore. I lay down beneath a tree and slept. I dreamed of Virginia—she came to me—sat beside me—she was soon to be my bride. My heart leaped at the thought. She was my bride now—I led her from the temple. The day passed, the night came, I lay beside my bride. I pressed her to me—she answered not—she was cold!

* * * * * *

"I awoke. *I was not mad now;* but where was I? It was the same place—the old square opening to the sky, the same gurgling of the wine fountain, my chains on my wrists. But the foul odor! I could not breathe. And that—what was that? No! it could not be *she*. It was she—shall I ever forget that sight?

"I see it now—my God! I see it now," shrieked the old man, "that putrid mass, bruised, torn, mutilated—without a trace of humanity about it—the bones showing through the torn shreds of skin, the flesh eaten—yes, eaten away! Those ears in which I whispered words of love—those eyes in which I saw my happiness—those lips that pressed so lovingly to mine—those tender breasts on which I'd hoped to see my children hang—gone!—gone!—all were gone; and in their place the eyes from their fleshless sockets glared on me, while the lipless teeth seemed to gnash at me from that ghastly skull. Armless too—and the arms!—I started. The bones were in the fetters still—*her* fetters. They still hung to mine. I was free in all but them.

"I looked round and saw the mirror; the matted beard, the blood-stained savage face showed me ALL!

"One window was open *now*. I leaped, caught the sill, and was out, running as if for life to get *that sight* from mine eyes. IT would not go; never went—never has gone! Thirty years IT—*this ravening horror*—has been before me. I have seen every thing through that as through a vail. IT was growing indistinct. Ye have called IT back again. I see IT now. My God!—my God! I see IT now!" and the old man would have fallen, but that his friends caught him and laid him on the couch.

A few minutes and he revived. He raised himself into a sitting posture, his eyes strangely bright. "Brethren, before I depart I would pray with ye once more." His hands were uplifted in prayer; the voice came low and faint. "Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and—forgive us our trespasses—as we forgive them that trespass against us—" A spasm crossed his face, his chest heaved as with a mighty effort; his voice, low before, burst out now with a violence that shook the walls. "Help me, O God! I must—I will—I *do* forgive thee. Sporus, thou, even *thou*, art now forgiven—Christus, have mercy, have mer— IT has gone—gone!" He struggled, knelt, leaned forward as though he saw something in the air, stretched out the old withered arms to grasp the phantom, while a smile of happiness unspeakable lighted up the pallid features.

"Virginia! I come—I come!"—then fell back into their arms—*dead*.

* * * * * *

It was night; the sun had set. He was with Virginia now.

IT was gone forever.

THE WRECK OF THE "NORTHERNER."

WE are indebted to the civility of a California correspondent for the sketch of the loss of the *Northerner*, which is engraved on page 120. The sketch was made by a passenger at the time of the wreck. We condense from the accounts of the survivors the following narrative:

It was about five o'clock on Thursday, the 5th inst., that the disaster occurred. The rock upon which the *Northerner* struck was about midway between Blunt's Reef and the main land, and perhaps two miles from the latter. It is always covered.

There was no confusion or noise after the accident. The pumps were sounded, when it was found that the ship was leaking fast. Captain Dall then ordered the steward to inform the ladies in the cabin, most of whom were in their berths at the time, that they might have to take to the boats, and to leave their clothes on, ready for any emergency, but not to alarm them. At the same time the ship's head was turned toward the shore, and ran for the land at full speed. The steward says, I went into the cabin and told the ladies that they had better dress. Some of them said, "Oh no; we don't want any dinner," thinking that I wanted them to get ready for dinner. I told them that the ship was leaking some, and that perhaps they might have to take to the boats. They thought I was joking, and it took some time for me to convince them of the truth. They then dressed, and all went into the Captain's state room, on the starboard side.

Gradually we neared the shore, toward the mouth of Bear River. It was growing dark rapidly. The weather had suddenly changed, and it had commenced blowing from the southwest, with fine rain. We saw that we were running into a heavy surf.

It was about six o'clock when the ship first struck; I should judge she went stem on, and being in the surf, a roller came after her the moment she stopped, washing fore and aft the ship, and taking several off their feet, but none were washed overboard. This was, however, but a small specimen of the surf which afterward made up as the wind increased.

The first thing that was done was to lower a boat on the larboard side—all the starboard boats having been got inboard and taken over to that side of the ship for that purpose. The ship lay with her head to the southward, and her larboard side was consequently in-shore. Mr. French, the first officer, was directed by Captain Dall to lower his boat and try and save the ladies. No attempt had been made yet to run a line to the shore. The boat was got overboard safely, and four ladies, viz.: Mrs. Tew, Miss Hartney, Mrs. Sweitzer, and Mrs. Thompson and child, with three children of Mrs. Tew—were placed safely on board. No one could see fifty yards in-shore from the wreck, and none knew whether the boat could live in such an awful surf; but it was the only chance. The ladies behaved nobly. There was no whimpering, no crying or screaming.

Two boats were lost, and Mr. French, the first officer, started again for the ship, but was caught in an eddy, the boat capsized, and its inmates drowned. The steward goes on to say:

About this time a tremendous sea struck the ship, carrying away the stern, but fortunately no person was aft at the moment. We did not know at this time that the other two boats were lost, and we waited some time for them to return. Seeing that something must have happened to prevent their return, Captain Dall asked Mr. O'Neil, the chief engineer, whether he could carry a line to the shore with a boat. He answered, "I will try," and took the last boat, and all our hopes seemed centred upon it, with the belief that we might save ourselves by the line. Fortunately, the boat reached the shore in safety by that means. A larger one was bent on from the ship and hauled to the beach. Miss Gregg was still on board, as was also her brother.

Numbers of the passengers now commenced to try the line. In almost every instance they were washed away from the rope before they had left the ship twenty yards. The force of the surf was tremendous. It came in from the ocean in toppling walls of water, and kept the rope almost constantly buried. Seeing the inevitable fate of those who had gone before, the next few made a running noose to prevent being washed away, but this proved a fatal expedient, for they got entangled in the line, and were quickly drowned, being unable to get above water for even a moment.

Some of the passengers reached the shore safely.

A number of others remained amidships on the wreck, determined to take their chance of being washed ashore, and fortunately, when the wreck broke up, which was soon after, the fragment upon which they were drifted ashore, and all were saved. During the rest of the night, at intervals, the cries of those persons who had lashed themselves to the larboard paddle-wheel were heard growing more feeble, and at last they ceased. Among these were Mr. Gregg and his sister, who had refused to take the ordinary means of saving themselves. When the wreck broke up the heavy iron-work among the wheels, though much bent and smashed, remained stationary. At daylight not a vestige of the wreck could be seen save this iron work. All the wooden part of the hull had been washed ashore, and was found strewn along the beach for eighteen or twenty miles, in pieces and piles, as if it had been cut up into fire-wood designedly.

But the most sorrowful spectacle was that of the body of Miss Gregg, which after her death, during the horrors of that dreadful night, the force of the surf had not been able to wash away from the iron to which she had been securely lashed. The other two bodies were gone—only the lashings remaining. The surf at times ran clear over the body of the poor unfortunate young woman, and had washed away every vestige of apparel. The head hung down with the long hair floating over the face. When the surf broke the body would swing out, and with the recoil, fell back against the iron. This was witnessed from the beach—there being no means of removing the corpse until the tide fell, when a line was formed by men joining hands, and thus extending themselves out into the surf. The water was not then more than four feet deep—a large sand-bar having been formed inside of where the wreck had been. The last one climbed up upon the wheel and cut the corpse down, when it was taken ashore and placed with the rest.

In the morning fourteen bodies were found on the beach. Some of them bore marks of bruises about the head and face, received, doubtless, from the pieces of the wreck floating in the surf. These were all buried behind a small hillock, a few hundreds yards from the beach.

THE STEAMER "PACIFIC."

AMONG the many fine steamers that ply the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, the steamer *Pacific* is in the front rank. She was built exclusively for a passenger boat between Louisville and New Orleans, and has won a high name with the traveling community for her many good qualities.

The *Pacific* is a first-class boat in point of size and steam-power, having capacity for the burden of 1200 tons and cabin accommodations for 120 passengers with state-rooms. Her extreme length is nearly 300 feet, with 40 feet breadth of beam and 8 feet depth of hold. The model of the hull is very easy and quite sharp at the bow and stern, with good bearings, which makes her buoyant on the water; and her immense power propels her against the current of the Mississippi with the speed of the wind, and with an ease of locomotion that is both agreeable and astonishing to the traveler.

The cabin of the *Pacific* is both rich and neat in style; the build semi-Gothic and Corinthian, with lofty sky-lights; and her state-rooms very large and convenient, each being provided with every convenience the most fastidious could desire, including wash-stands, dressing-cases, mirrors, and all else required. She has also a nursery, servants' room, bath-room, barber shop, etc., making her in all requirements equal to the best arranged hotels. The furniture of the cabin is of the best materials, rich, beautiful, and durable; while in her entire outfit, beds, and bedding, no expense has been spared to make her a most desirable boat for the Southern travel, and the comfortable accommodation of families.

THE CHIEF ENGINEERS OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

WE publish on another page portraits of Harry Howard, ex-Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department, and John Decker, his successor in that office.

Mr. Decker's election has been quite a triumph for him and his friends; he is likely to prove a very popular and efficient officer. He is of a Staten Island family; his father dealt in oysters, and was a noted connoisseur in bivalves. It is told of the old gentleman that having on one occasion ordered from a sloop-owner a load of oysters, the mariner omitted to insure his craft and cargo, and both were lost on the way up the bay; Mr. Decker, however, paid him the amount stipulated. Both he and his wife are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

John Decker, the present Chief Engineer, was born in Vesey Street, New York, in 1823; joined the Department in 1844; became foreman of Company 14 in 1850, and held that position for one or two years. In 1852 he resigned, and in the following year was elected to the Board of Assistant Engineers, which office he has held to the present time. He was elected Chief Engineer, a few days since, by a majority of 860, out of 2840 votes. He is a quiet, plain man, of unassuming manners and irreproachable character.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE MISTRESS OF The Parsonage.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

PART II.

WE were back again at the quiet Parsonage. There was Arethusa with the same pleasant smile, and she led me in, and wrapped me up more carefully than ever. But there was now one who considered his own right the strongest; and between the two I seemed in danger of being overwhelmed with an excess of care.

Arethusa continued her housekeeping duties as before; she smiled at my offers of help, and Mr. Winneslie carried me off to the study—as he declared—'to keep me out of mischief,' but as I *knew* to keep me in his sight. His sadness had departed; his eyes sparkled with new light; and it flattered me to think that I had worked this change.

Arethusa sewed on buttons and mended stockings, as in the days of her brother's bachelorhood; she had gained nothing by his marriage except the additional care of a grown-up baby. Mr. Winneslie knew that I was not fond of work, and Arethusa's kind heart had long ago made the same discovery; so I was as tenderly cared for as a waxen doll, and expected to do nothing but look pretty and smile upon them.

I found this kind of life very pleasant; and I rejoiced that I was a clergyman's wife, and that no one would ever suppose it.

The winter passed rapidly away, and spring came with its buds and blossoms. Then did I begin more fully to realize my freedom—to feel more thankful that the lines had fallen to me in such pleasant places.

I remembered the inexpressible feeling of languor, the loss of appetite, and inability to exercise, which had always heralded the advent of spring in my dull city-home; and with what indifference my grandmother and Hester would see me rise from my untasted breakfast to pursue my weary routine of school duties.

Now, freshly-laid eggs and luscious cream tempted my appetite; and Mr. Winneslie's anxious look, at any failure on my part to dispatch the good things placed before me, was a loving reminder that there was some one to watch my every movement.

Good, matter-of-fact Arethusa, to whom the budding or the changing of the leaves was only a signal for house-cleaning and summer or winter clothing, having finally gotten through with the first duty above-mentioned, reminded her brother that it was time for her periodical visit to the city, and remarked that she would get me a summer bonnet and et ceteras at the same time.

I was becoming vain, that was very certain; for, although I had hitherto seldom taken the matter of dress into consideration, I now began to wonder if Arethusa would get me such a coal-scuttle of a bonnet as she wore herself, and if my dress would be upon the same scant pattern? However, I said nothing; but Mr. Winneslie, who had remained silent for some time, had, it would seem, been troubled by the same surmises, and my heart beat wildly to see his pride in me, when he suddenly exclaimed,

"We will all go together to the city, so that Fairy can choose for herself; your taste, my dear sister, may be a little too sober for *her*."

Arethusa looked surprised, but acquiesced at once, although she said something about a clergyman's wife being "proper;" upon which I immediately informed her that I was going in search of a pink bonnet, blue dress, and yellow shawl. So little capacity for jesting was there in her common-sense nature that she believed it all, and surveyed me with a sort of mournful regret until I thought proper to undeceive her.

Mr. Winneslie understood it all, and shook his head reprovingly; but I only laughed at him, and danced off to make preparations for what seemed a perfect era in our quiet life.

My husband had an aunt in the city, living comfortably in a spacious house, and thither he conducted me. She was a very agreeable old lady, and when I was presented to her said, archly, to Mr. Winneslie,

"Ah, well, it's one thing to preach and quite another to practice. Theory, model woman who respects her husband and keeps her household in order; practice, a pretty child whose long curls and sparkling eyes have put all philosophy to flight. Ah, Arthur! you're no better than the rest of them, after all."

This was not intended for my ear, but it reached it, nevertheless. Her nephew looked quite confused at this attack, and the old lady added kindly, as she took my hand,

"You need not be ashamed of your apology, though."

I wondered if he *was* ashamed of me; but a stolen glance soon told me *that*, and my spirits rose at once.

I know not why, but I was half wild with delight that evening; the consciousness of youth and beauty and pleasant surroundings was stronger upon me than ever; and I chattered away until old Mrs. Cloudgate laughed heartily at my fancies, and sister Arethusa opened her eyes in wonder. I was surprised at myself; I had no idea that I was such a madcap.

Mr. Winneslie seemed to have fallen in love with me afresh; and, petted and flattered on all sides, I laid my head on my pillow with an elated heart, sadly lacking, I am afraid, "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." Perhaps Arthur was more lenient to my faults than he should have been; if so, this was his only weakness. Never had I imagined a more perfect, noble character than my husband.

Our stay was limited, and the next morning we were deep in the mysteries of shopping.

Mr. Winneslie, man-like, fell speedily in love with a rich, but quiet-looking, lilac silk, of an exquisite shade; and when I tremblingly asked the price, and put it from me at what sounded to my simplicity exorbitant, he whispered in my ear,

"Take it, darling, if you like it! my purse will stand it very easily."

The silk was measured off, and then came the grand affair of the bonnet, while I, who had never gone "a shopping" in my whole life before, could scarcely believe my own identity. Mrs. Cloudgate's knowledge of the city was a great advantage to us; and being conducted by her to a tasteful milliner, a pretty straw bonnet, trimmed with a broad white ribbon, with a cap of violets, was soon selected; and this, with a small mantilla of white muslin, completed a *tout ensemble* the like of which I had never figured in before.

"It was just suitable for a clergyman's wife," Mr. Winneslie declared; and when Arethusa remarked, rather doubtfully, that "she hoped the Simeses wouldn't go whispering about as they generally did," he had quite a long talk with her about being "too austere," telling her that it was right and proper for us to gratify our sense of beauty in a reasonable degree, and asking her why God had made the flowers if life were to be a mere tread-mill of duties?

To all of which Arethusa, whose logical powers were not largely developed, only replied that "she hoped the Simeses wouldn't talk."

I cared very little for "the Simeses," or any one else in Meadowbrook, as I equipped myself in my new and becoming attire; and Mr. Winneslie was so delighted with my appearance that he got absolutely angry at Arethusa.

"And now let us take our walk," said he, when this little ebullition was over. "And first, dear Ernestine, we will call upon your grandmother and aunt."

"Not *there!*" I exclaimed, in dismay, as I tried to withdraw my hand from his arm. "I never want to see those horrid people again!"

"My dear child," said my husband, reprovingly, "this will never do. True, your relations have not displayed much affection for you; but you owe them, notwithstanding, a certain degree of attention for your *father's* sake. We must not give way too much to impulse, Fairy; and we never neglect any of the proprieties of life without regretting it afterward. Poor child!" he added, noticing my dismayed face, "did she think I had become tired of her, and wanted to take her back? No, no, Fairy. You are quartered upon me now for life, and I couldn't get rid of you if I wished it."

I smiled at his ridiculous conceit, and with a delightful feeling of security I approached again the house where I had spent so many weary years.

Hester opened the door, just on a crack at first, as was her way of old; and I have learned to read a person's heart in the opening of a door. A free, widely-opened door is the sign of a generous heart; while a door opened on a crack, through which appears an eye, cold, calculating, and watchful, bespeaks a nature from which the suppliant would turn with a murmured prayer. Such a nature was my Aunt Hester's.

With a scarcely-suppressed grunt of dissatisfaction she surveyed us from head to foot, and then gave utterance to a most ungenial "Come in." I remembered what Mr. Winneslie had said to me, and inquired politely after my grandmother, as I accepted this scanty invitation.

"Well, she's complaining," said Hester, "as usual."

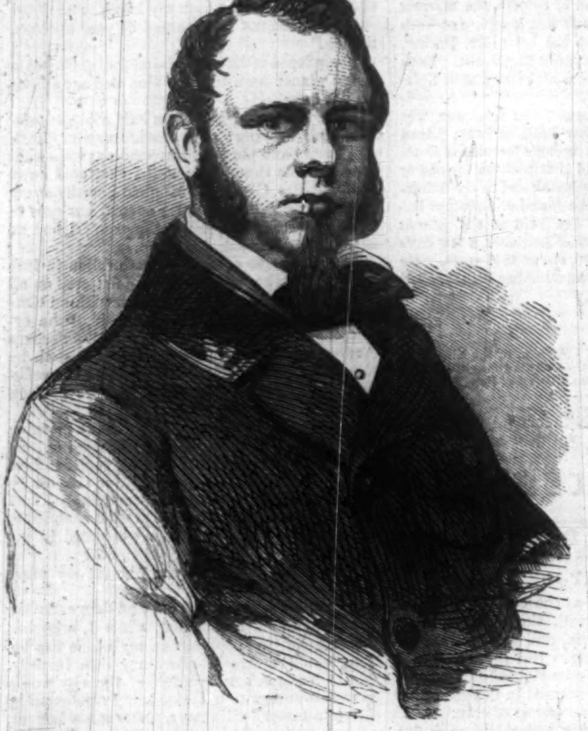
I heard my husband sigh as he glanced around the dreary room; and I looked at him with more love in my heart than I had ever yet felt, as I thought of what *would* have been but for him.

My grandmother soon made her appearance.

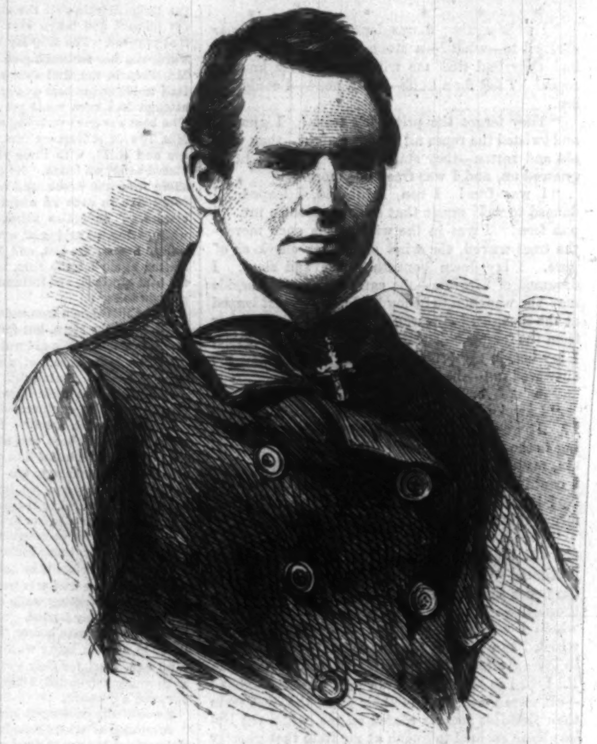
"Hoity, toity!" she exclaimed, as her eye fell upon me. "What a fine lady Teena has grown, to be sure!" They always called me by this odious name.

My aged relative planted herself close beside Mr. Winneslie, and asked him if he didn't find me very hard to manage; giving, in illustration, various juvenile misdemeanors that had quite escaped my memory.

Hester attacked *me;* and after commenting upon the expensiveness of my dress—adding that "she always *knew* I had an extravagant turn"—she told me that "a silk dress like that ought to last a life-time;" and then gave me various recipes for dyeing. My maiden aunt preached me a long lecture upon economy, which, she said, was a most important virtue in



JOHN DECKER, CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]



HARRY HOWARD, EX-CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

a minister's wife; and endeavored to instruct me in the process of making soft soap. I was weary, and looked at Mr. Winneslie, who understood my appealing glance; but the old lady had him firmly by the button-hole, and getting away was not an easy matter.

When we at length rose to go Hester drew herself up, as if for an effort, and slowly remarked: "I always thought that Teena would manage to take somebody in—she had just the way for it."

This was the first time I had seen my husband angry. He glanced at my fast filling eyes, and a crimson streak crossed his forehead, as he replied, passing my hand through his arm:

"I beg you to understand, madam, that I do not consider myself in the least '*taken in.*' I *should* have supposed that I, a man old enough to be her father, had taken this poor child in, had I not seen that I have probably rescued her from a *worse* fate."

"Mighty pretty!" said my grandmother, tossing her head; while my aunt remarked, in a tone intended to be extremely cutting, "I *think* you call yourself 'the *Rev.* Mr. Winneslie?'"

We had gained the door, but as we passed through it, Hester threw after me, as a malediction, the words: "Mark this, *it won't last.*"

Was her evil spirit suddenly gifted with the spirit of divination, gloating over what it saw in the future?

"We will not go there again, darling," said my husband, in answer to my flushed face and tearful eyes; "your grandmother and aunt appear to be very singular people."

To his charitable and loving heart they were only "singular"—I wished that I could be as lenient.

We went back to Meadowbrook; and, as Arethusa had predicted, "the Simeses" *did* talk. Miss Sally Simes had suffered a bitter disappointment when Mr. Winneslie placed me in the position of clergyman's wife, and she now took every opportunity of revenging herself. My attire was described by the envious spinster almost to rival the magnificence of the famous "field of the cloth of gold:" and quite threw into the shade Buckingham's little practice of dropping jewels along his path, as deserted children, in the fairy tales, dropped crumbs to find their way.

The poison took effect; and Meadowbrook began to look upon me with averted eye. I did not care for Meadowbrook; but, for my husband's sake, I put by the offending silk dress for a time, and resumed my white muslin. I smiled to myself as I reflected that Miss Sally Simes could not take out my eyes and substitute her own green ones for them, nor replace my flowing ringlets by her grizzly head-covering. There was comfort in *that.* I often wondered if she wouldn't like to know Aunt Hester, and if they wouldn't be fast friends.

Sister Arethusa sometimes made visits. She had some relations living at an outlandish place, some miles distant, called "Hog's Point;" and were it not that before these departures she wound up the kitchen machinery and warranted it not to run down before her return, our meals would have occurred with delightful irregularity, or probably not have occurred at all.

I really thought that if *any* one was safe from the entangling meshes of Cupid, it was sister Arethusa; I had come to regard her as an institution—as much of a fixture as the fire-place; and nothing had as yet occurred to upset this little theory of mine.

But one memorable afternoon Arethusa and her bandbox returned from a visit at Hog's Point, but, alas! she came not alone; for with Arethusa and Arethusa's bandbox appeared a tall man in green spectacles, who reminded me of an elongated strip of parchment. I was alone in the parlor when this arrival came, and Arethusa, considerably flurried, presented her companion to me as "Professor Boggs," and then hastily made her escape.

The Professor stared at me, called me "Miss," and endeavored to make himself agreeable until Mr. Winneslie came. The visitor shook hands with Arthur as though he were a pump-handle, and then graciously remarked,

"Your daughter, Sir, has been entertaining me very well in your absence—a promising young lady."

My husband glanced at my "baby frock" of white, with its blue sash, and the long ringlets shading a face that was dimpling with a suppressed inclination to laugh, as he replied, with a smile,

"Your mistake, Sir, was a very natural one; but allow me to present you to *Mrs.* Winneslie."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Professor, with the sudden start of an awkward man completely "taken aback," and he pushed up his spectacles in a comical manner to look at me.

He appeared to be a plain, good-hearted individual, and let Arethusa do all the "courting." That elderly damsel was in a nervous flutter of uncertainty, as she sat there pouring out tea; and her singular mistakes caused her brother much perplexity—he being evidently busy in detecting the incipient stages of insanity. But *I* saw it all at once. Professor Boggs was the sun that blinded her to all things else; and the poor soul was divided between admiration for him and her anxiety to note the effect produced by her lover on others.

For that Professor Boggs *was* a lover was speedily made known by his applying to Mr. Winneslie, in due form, for the hand of his staid sister; and as "youth and inexperience" certainly could not be pleaded in Arethusa's case, there was no reasonable objection.

The bride-elect said that "she felt it her duty to settle at Hog's Point—she might be the means of doing some good." It is really astonishing how plainly *duty* is discerned when viewed through the spectacles of *inclination!*

But Arethusa was certainly a kind sister, and I really loved her. It was, perhaps, this very thing that disposed me to look unfavorably upon the wooing of Professor Boggs. I should miss her sadly; and as to Arthur—why, he *might* get breakfasts, and dinners, and suppers, and buttons sewed on, and—he might *not.*

Professor Boggs's mistake about me seemed to have troubled my husband, too; for the next day, as I was twisting my ringlets, he looked at me in an uneasy manner, and remarked,

"I am afraid those pretty curls *are* rather childish, Fairy. Couldn't you arrange them in some more dignified way—something like Arethusa's, for instance?"

I was quite provoked with him for this; but I only answered,

"Oh yes, certainly, if you wish it." And when he had gone down stairs I resolved to punish him well.

I completely saturated my rebellious curls with water, and then, calling to mind distinctly every queer crook and turn in that marvelous head-structure of Arethusa's, I piled up my own luxuriant locks in exact imitation of it; and having daubed down a love-lock on each cheek, I saw that the transformation was complete. The arrangement was very top-heavy, though, and made my head ache badly; but I was determined to carry it out for that day, at least, and I walked down stairs with a demure face.

Mr. Winneslie started visibly when he saw me, and evidently took me at first for a stranger; while Arethusa exclaimed, in her astonishment,

"Why, Fairy! what *have* you been doing to yourself? You don't look like yourself at all! Where are the curls?"

"Mr. Winneslie requested me to put them up," I replied; "he thought them 'too childish,' I believe."

He looked in amusement at my grave face, and whispered, as he followed me to the window: "Don't try this again, Fairy—your own way is the best. What does very well for a woman of Arethusa's size becomes a perfect burlesque on *you.*"

So the curls were retained, as I meant they *should* be.

Arethusa was married at the Parsonage in a drab-colored merino dress; for it was autumn, just a year after our marriage, and she equipped herself with a view to the journey to Hog's Point.

She looked very solemn, and made very loud responses; while the Professor seemed frightened, and had the audacity to behave as though this were his first attempt, although he had been married three times before! As an old lady present remarked, "he was unfortunate in his wives." But Arethusa clung firmly to his arm, and looked sturdily resolved to make him a good wife as long as she lived.

Almost from the moment that they were pronounced one my sister-in-law designated him as "husband," and "husband" he has been ever since; never by any possibility "Professor Boggs," or "Jonah" (Jonah calls up such unpleasant ideas of whales)—always "husband." It was "husband thinks this," or "husband thinks that," until I became tired of the very sound of the name.

Well, Arethusa went "for good," as the children say; and I felt like a ship afloat without a rudder.

"La!" said the worthy creature, as I sobbed upon her shoulder, don't take on so, Fairy. "You can come to Hog's Point and see me, you know—run over often." I often think it is well that the objects of our affection don't know how much selfishness there is mingled with our love. "And, Ernestine," she continued, with a sudden gleam in her face, while I listened eagerly for a crumb of comfort, "*don't forget the flannel-cakes on Fridays, dear*—Arthur always likes flannel-cakes on Friday."

These were my sister-in-law's parting words; and I walked back into the parlor under the melancholy influence of the reaction that always follows a wedding, or any excitement.

But my husband drew me to the fire, and I was folded in his arms, close, close to his heart.

"All alone, now—you and I, Fairy," said he, with a loving smile. "Now we will see what a notable little housekeeper you'll make."

But I looked serious.

"I am afraid," I replied, with a mournful shake of the head, "I am really afraid you'll starve!"

Mr. Winneslie laughed at my earnestness.

"One would suppose," said he, "that you were contemplating the impossibility of providing for an Ogre! I am not so *altogether* given up to eating, Mrs. Ernestine—I know *somebody else*, I think, who likes good things quite as well; and if *you* can eat your own manufactures, I am sure that *I* can. But cheer up, darling; there is no fear of our suffering—Mimè will see to that."

"Mimè" was a substantial American woman, who governed the kitchen completely; and I am not sure that her dominion didn't extend considerably beyond it. Mimè understood things, with the exception of some few articles for which I had received particular instructions from Arethusa; but somehow, I did not remember them as I should have done.

My first batch of mince-pies were spoiled with pepper—I had always an idea that mince-pies were extensively peppered; and in consequence of this novel ingredient they were "love's labor lost." The flannel-cakes, of which Mrs. Boggs had so impressively reminded me, were flannel by name and flannel by nature, and repulsed all the loving advances of knives and forks. Thus my attempts in the cooking line were nearly always failures; but my husband appeared to be satisfied, and this was all I cared for.

The winter passed quietly and pleasantly, and I never felt lonely. When Mr. Winneslie was writing his sermons or visiting his parishioners, I sewed, or sat on the floor in his study, surrounded by piles of volumes that I had dragged from the book-case to find the most interesting.

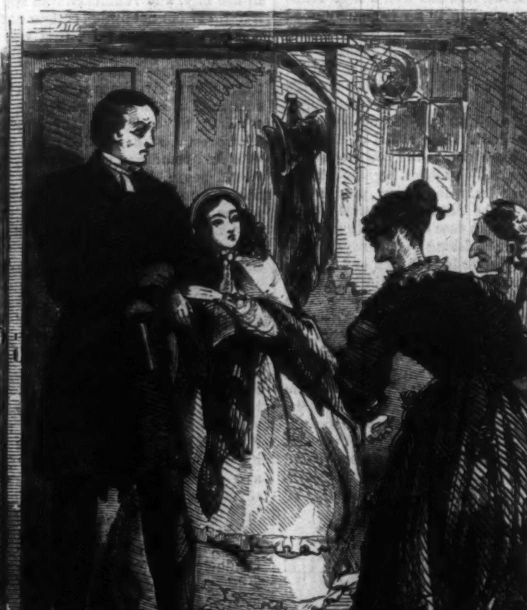
Frequently we had long walks, when we stopped at the cottages of the poor to leave the warm garments which my needle had, perhaps, put together in the morning. It was pure and peaceful, this simple life, and my husband soon taught me to call our Heavenly Father *mine.*

At Christmas came Professor and Mrs. Boggs from Hog's Point; and we dressed the old Church with greens and had a merry time of it.

Arethusa was just the same as ever, except, perhaps, an addition of dignity; and immediately after her arrival she went into the kitchen on a voyage of discoveries. She evidently discovered dreadful things; for, when I asked her if it did not look well, she only reiterated,

"The *closets*, child, the *closets!*"

My sister-in-law compared the kitchen to "a whited sepulchre," and various other unpretty things; it was "slicked up," she said, on the outside, while all sorts of things were stowed away in holes and closets. Now, *I* thought we had done very well, and Mr. Winneslie immediately put in a disclaimer; but Arethusa shook her head, and evidently considered me a hopeless case.



THE MEETING AFTER THE MARRIAGE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

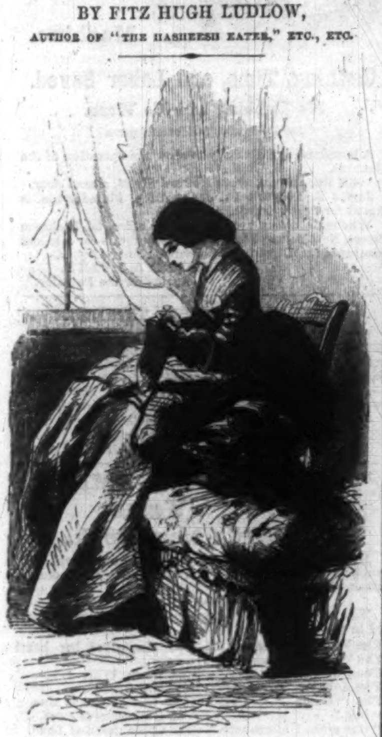
The New Partner

IN

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.



CHAPTER VIII.

RELATES HOW A BANK SUPERINTENDENT AND A DEMON OF UNFAITH GOT TURNED OUT OF DOORS.

As the morning with whose dawn our last chapter closed advanced to nine o'clock the doors of Clingham & Co. opened for business as usual, because, in the first place, banking hours commenced then by the immutable laws of solar progress; and, in the second place, Mr. John Manton took down the shutters at that time—a fact only less predeterminate and inevitable than the astronomical one. But the doors opened only on just so much possibility of transacting business as was inherent in the one very sleepy and moppy head owned by Mr. M'Dowlas. And it was not until full ten o'clock that the other young gentlemen had all arrived, and were sitting or standing listlessly at their posts, with the exception of Ernest Beckford. All that day went dragging by the eyelids.

Whenever it was possible, from a temporary slack in the tide of business, or an unusual nonchalance as to whether there was business or not, the various officers of the Bank gathered in a little swarm at some one desk, and canvassed the main event of the preceding night. Canvassed it with the preternatural ferocity which a disagreeable subject excites in under-slept men; canvassed it, calling all sorts of undesirable names, and imploring all manner of unpleasant imprecations, but always coming to the conclusion at last, that the wallet-snatching was merely a drunken freak on the part of a man not used to liquor, and so quite maddened thereby, and that on returning to his senses he would be very much ashamed of what he had done, returning to ask forgiveness and repair his error. Would they receive him back among them, and treat him as if nothing had happened? Some one thought that he might be made something of after all, though he did do a thing which no gentleman of honor would do. But the majority leaned to the decidedly expressed opinion of Mr. Bradby that they'd be d—d if they would.

They had hoped to receive a fillip to their lagging senses in the coming of one or the other of the prominent actors in the last night's occurrence; but when hour after hour went on and no Ernest appeared to cry peccavi, to look ashamed of himself, to be sent to Coventry, or to produce any sensation whatever—and when the speculators, the men wanting discounts, the poor widows, and the agents of worthy causes had all to be sent away one after another with the answer, "Not in, I tell ye"—and there was no information, no suggestion, no hypothesis to fall back upon except their own—the young men of Clingham & Co., Cheswick Branch, found each other very bad company.

Long after bank hours were over and the doors shut, at the gray of dusk a very sorry and used-up nag drew into the livery-stable yard of the Brothers Grant at Cheswick, a light wagon, much mud-bespattered and weather-beaten. Upon the seat, just arrived from Huddlesfield, sat Mr. Luke Green. And with as perfect a sweetness of voice as if he had just arrived from an airing for pleasure, he turned to one of the proprietors, who stood smoking his pipe outside the stalls, and said:

"My venerable friend breathed his last just after I arrived. I was so happy, by the speed of your excellent mare, to have reached Huddlesfield in time to close his eyes!"

Uttering which cheering and praiseworthy reflection, he slipped the value of his ride into the hand of Richard Grant, who took it, feeling as if the blessing of a most pious character went with it, putting a new gilt on the two quarter eagles, but who would have been less of this sentiment had he followed the gentle and self-forgetting soother of death-beds just outside of his yard, and seen the square, polished, white under-jaw shut tight, and the small, long fingers clench till the veins knotted on the back of the hands. Had he seen the smooth, ivory forehead mapped by livid branching boundaries, the calm steel-blue eyes grow shining with an unpleasant smile, like a glary, quiet pool on the sea, where a shark lies underneath; had he heard that single word which Luke Green uttered, through lips that hardly opened to let it out, "*Beckford!*" Not a curse with it, not a qualifying expression of any kind: but the manner in which it was uttered told of a crowd of satanic bad wishes, for this world and the world to come, crowding so hard behind it as fairly to keep the doors of speech from opening to let them out, such as never was or never shall be expressible in any merely human vocabulary. "*Beckford!*" as if that simple name must stand representative of all hellish desires, sponsor for the fulfillment of all fiendish threats which otherwise could get no airing even indirectly. "*Beckford!*" and, repeating it again, he passed quietly and unnoticeably away to his house.

The next day in the bank went more briskly. Messrs. Todds, Bradby, & Co. unburdened their minds freely, at various times, to Mr. Green upon the sly—it being a maxim with that gentleman never to appear too familiar and confidential with the subalterns before others—and felt a great deal better for it. The only definite answer that they received to any of their remarks was, that every body had been disappointed in the young man Beckford; but that the whole subject had better be forgotten. It was his desire that it should be so. The wallet was not of much consequence: if the poor young fellow was betrayed into stealing it, he thought very likely the excitement of hard drinking had been at the bottom of it, and that now he was ashamed to return, for fear of being dealt with according to law. But he should not prosecute him—oh no! let it go! That was the better way. And the young men left the superintendent's room with a feeling that a more forgiving nature never played all-fours for small stakes merely to add to the interest, you know.

Three o'clock came and shut the doors of Clingham & Co. It was then that Luke Green, briskly concluding the two or three letters he had to send after business hours, and seeing that all the juniors under his superintendence had departed, rose and passed across the hall to the room in which John Manton usually sat at this hour—looking at, rather than into, the first volume of Rollin's "History of the World," as if it were affording him the liveliest intellectual satisfaction; or if not Rollin, something else of the same grade and character of interest—Fox's book of Martyrs, or Jonathan Bibb's sermons, for instance. Invariably from one until four or five o'clock he dozed in a peaceful after-dinner state of mind, and having a book in his lap thought himself meditating. At a reasonable time before tea he arose, congratulated himself on having been historical, devotional, philosophical, as the work on his knees had partaken of either of these characteristics, and addressed himself to getting hungry by either walking or whirling his arms about like a windmill. Poor old man! had John Manton been told twenty years before that he would ever have reached this state of being, this perfect content with vegetation, the hearty spirit that still burned, like a bright turf-coal, under the wet bog of many troubles, would have flashed out, and the slanderer had been knocked down. But, line by line, the Mansoul within him had ebbed down the beach of his body, leaving it and all its five senses barer and barer, until it seemed as if, long before the time had come, according to the manner of men, for the tide to be quite out with him, the slack-water of his soul was nigh at hand, and he would be left a mere physical existence—an eater, a drinker, a sleeper—with here and there just a memory or two to mock the departed mind, like the little pools of brine that stand in old shells and sand furrows far up above the water-line when the tide is down.

I have said long ago that Nora read to her father in the evening. Sometimes, as on the evening when we first saw her, the thing read was the newspaper; sometimes it was one of the driest of dry books of polemic theology; but the book or the paper, or whatever it might be, was many a time gently and noiselessly folded up when the poor old man's head fell wearily on his breast, and a pair of overflowing girl eyes looked at him as if the heart that was their fountain would break. It seemed to her as if he slept more sweetly for being watched with tears. And repress them she could not, unless it would have disturbed him to have her weep.

The afternoon that Luke Green left his office to pay John Manton a visit had been spent by Nora in her father's room. She was darning—I know it is unromantic, but it is not in the bad sense prose, rather poetry of the highest order, when we think how often those same woman fingers that cure invalid stockings glide thence to knit up the thread of raveling hearts—she was darning, and a pile of blue socks just from the wash grew less and less with the dwindling afternoon, being rolled up as fast as discharged cured, and laid in a basket at her side. John Manton addressed not a syllable to her of any description, for Rollin was in his lap. It was a warm, hazy day, the windows were open, and gradually the sensible stillness of every thing put John Manton to sleep. Nora, as ever when he slept, sat looking at him with an unspeakable tenderness, until at last she found that she skipt threads by darning at the same time, and for a while stopped the latter. The long alapaca sack which he wore had been black when it was new, and having been pressed only once, and not sponged at all, did not shine greasily in the seams at that time, as it did now. It fluttered in the little breath of air that came through the half-closed shutters, and showed not only its own rustiness to perfect advantage, but several delicate yet not indiscernible lines whose three cornered tears had been mended down the knee-sprung legs of the old man's pantaloons. And following down the outline of his form, flung on the settee in a childish abandonment to sleep, Nora's glance rested on his shoes, and the eyes that had been filling poured over, for one of those queerly tender thoughts in which so truly humor sits by the deepest well of pathos in our souls.

"To think that those poor dear old feet that have so nearly trod all their weary way to the grave, should have to wear patched cowhide, while some people—"

She did not complete the thought even to her own mind, for the spirit of envy is drowned in a good woman's tears. She arose, and planting on her father's forehead the softest kiss, as a seal to sweet sleeping till she came again, passed quietly out of the door that led to her own room.

A moment after, Luke Green came to the hall door and tapped. The old man awoke and listened. The tap was repeated, and he called "Come in." Upon which Luke Green entered, and with an obeisance such as he would have made to a king, from whom he wished a favor, drew a chair up to the settee on which the old man had been lying.

"How do we find ourself in this rather prostrating weather? Are we doing pretty well, considering?" said Luke Green, opening the conversation with a reverent cheerfulness.

"Oh, so so—very well for me—yes, yes, very well, indeed, thank you."

"I have had to be out of town for a day or two, which accounts for my not coming in to see how my *dear* old friend was getting on. Now, are you sure there's nothing I can do to soothe your pain—you haven't any pain? No? Now *really*, how thankful we ought to be for that. I am *so* glad to hear it. Nothing I can do to make you comfortable in any way? See if you can't think of something—"

"Oh, you're very kind, Mr. Green, very; but really I don't know of any thing that would do me much good. The fact is, I feel rather tired. I have felt tired for a good while. I don't know when I haven't felt so. I suppose I always shall."

"Isn't it the liver? Or the stomach? Are you sure it isn't the stomach? Boggs's Frailty's Friend is greatly recommended for *that*. Let me get you a bottle of Bogg's Frailty's Friend?"

"I don't think it is the stomach, Mr. Green. It may be the liver. I can't tell. I only know I'm very tired—most all the time."

"Back? Limbs? Shoulders, perhaps?"

"All over; no one place—tired of seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, feeling—tired of every thing."

"Ah! a case of ennui! really, now, must we be so fashionable? Upon my word, a rogue, a regular rogue! Oh you funny fellow, honest and hearty as you are, to get *blasé*—really used up—like a city gentleman with ten thousand a year and no constitution! Ha, ha! Come! we must rouse up; that's a man. My dear Mr. Manton, I put it to you—do you take enough exercise?"

"I go to the post-office—I sawed two sticks of wood one day last week, I believe."

"Oh, pshaw! Pshaw, my dear friend, that is nothing! You ought to take good long walks into the country every day of your life—stir around and make yourself cheerful as possible! By-the-way, that brings me to something I wanted to speak of at any rate. I have had my shoemaker make me a capital pair of stout English walking shoes lately, and while he was about it, I thought he might as well make another, they pleased me so much—let's look at your foot—yes—just the size of mine, as I thought—and—wait a second—here—here they are—will you accept them, my dear friend, as a great favor to me—for a small token of affection?"

As Mr. Luke Green said this he was drawing a bundle from beneath his chair, which he had very unobtrusively brought in and hidden there—breaking open the paper that wrapped it—and displaying to the eyes of John Manton what were indeed a very handsome pair of the article mentioned.

The old man arose from his reclining position and took them in his hand. Then seemed almost disposed to hand them back. Then looked down at his patched and time-rusty shoes of hide. Then looked back and contrasted them with the sheeny pair in his hand—and stroking their rich, smooth gloss, was seduced. Moreover, Luke Green had already begun playfully untying the strings of the pair he wore, and kept saying, "Try them on! try them on—they don't bite—you needn't be afraid of them." So they were on almost before John Manton was aware. And the seductive Green regarded them and him with a suave smile that seemed to encase him in a suit of glaze from head to toes.

Mr. Green's eye now wandered for a moment about the room, as if with the purpose of putting his friend at ease, by appearing not to hear his repeated thank you's. And in its wanderings fell upon many additions which his own beneficent hand, coming noiseless as the dew, slaker of grass-thirst, had made to the comfort and the obligation of the Manton family. In the corner was a little card-table, which held the family daguerreotypes. That table he had sent in on the sly—one birth morning of Nora Manton—with a card marked "From an unknown friend" in the boldest strokes of his well-known handwriting. The pretty brocatelle curtains that shone through the summer muslin—making a pleasant subdued rosiness at the window sides—he had hung those with his own hand one day when John and his daughter were at dinner, happening in in the course of the afternoon to be catechised and look conscious upon the subject of "whose doing they were." A handsome little plated epergne, with a flower-glass replenished from rose and violet beds daily by Nora, to infuse a breath of summer into her father's wintry life, several books such as come with the compliments of the season, table ornaments, one of the engravings from Goupil's, which hung upon the wall—all these Luke Green could look upon with complacency, as being so many reminders to him of his past goodness.

The subject of the shoes now being passed over comfortably, and the two men pretending that they had never thought of them—Mr. Green whistled abstractedly, put his hands in his pockets, paced up and down the room three or four times, and then, with a sigh, sat down again, and began critically examining a spot in the carpet. The deep dejection apparent in his countenance could not fail to arouse even the dormant faculties of John Manton, who looked at his visitor for a moment with an air of puzzle, and then said,

"*You're* not ill to-day, I hope, Mr. Green?"

"No, not ill precisely. Oh! it is nothing; I shall soon be over it—"

"But I beg—please let me know—if—if something can't be done for you."

"I'm afraid not: I wish something could be done. But it's impossible for any one to keep any thing from *you*. I *will* tell you: I *must*. My dear, *dear* friend, Mr. Manton—you believe I love you?"

Here Luke Green seized the trembling hand of the old man, and gazed into his eyes as one who would read his soul.

"Yes; I believe you do."

"And you are sure that I love your daughter Nora? that I have the interest of that charming angel at the very bottom of my heart?"

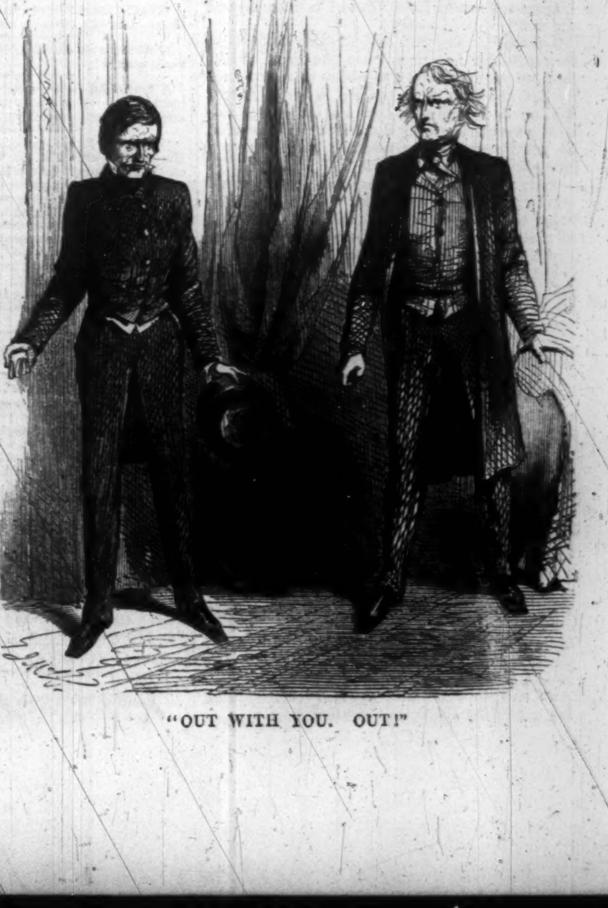
"You have often told me that you liked her very much. And she is a good girl—a good girl."

"Then be sure that I tell you with heartfelt agony that she is the dupe of a villain; she has been fascinated; she will be destroyed, unless we save her, by a man whose knavery is unequaled in the annals of crime!"

John Manton, like one groping his way out of bed in a dream, lifted himself up by the arm of the sofa, and looked with bewildered eyes into Luke Green's face.

"Villain? Fascinated? Destroyed? How, how do you mean—not my Nora, is it?"

"Alas! my old friend, your, our—no, I have no right to say *our*—dear, dear Nora! Now



"OUT WITH YOU. OUT!"

don't be excited: be quite calm: there is no serious harm yet: I will tell you all. Do you know any thing of a certain young man, who has been employed here in the bank in a subordinate capacity for the last few weeks—a young man with a very innocent, plausible face, blue eyes, and light-brown hair, named *Beckford?*"

"Yes, yes, I've seen him; is it he? Oh, go on!"

"Be quite calm, my old friend, your health will not permit of this excitement. Perhaps all may be well, he may not be quite the double-dyed villain he appears."

"Good God! Go on, go on: has he hurt *Nora?*" And twenty years at one dash of the sponge of passion were wiped off of the face of the father.

"All in time. This Beckford knows your daughter?"

"Yes: she has met him at a party; they have bowed in the street. Will you go on?"

"I know still more: she has been seen walking with him, and I have myself seen them look at one another at church, when they little thought that they were noticed, as no people ever look unless they *love.* And this Beckford is—no; but I will not prejudice you against one who may even now be your daughter's accepted lover."

"Luke Green, will you drive me mad? In the name of God speak on!"

"Very well: but remember if it tears your soul you wished me to—you made me: and hear all that I have to say, making every allowance for youth, frailty, and the natural evil of our hearts. This unhappy young man is—*a thief!* an accomplished thief, probably out of one of the very worst gangs in New York. Sit still! I'll tell you particulars—proofs. Two nights ago I sat at the house of a friend where he also was visiting. When I arose to leave he went out first and in great haste, and there is one person at least ready to swear that he saw my wallet, which I had carried too carelessly in my pocket, in Beckford's hands. At any rate, when it was too late to follow the—Beckford, I discovered that it was gone, and in it were twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Oh! oh! Go on! Go on!"

"I went to his rooms as quickly as I could. He had fled from there, leaving word that he had gone to a place many miles out in the country. I took a horse and carriage, and—well, sent the police in pursuit of him. They returned, saying he could not be found. Under his bed was discovered a false stomach, and a pair of such glasses as are worn in disguise by criminals wishing to elude the detectives. I have heard that a box of burglar's tools have since been found, but I haven't seen those yet. And there is but little doubt he goes by aliases. See this piece of paper I found under the bureau in his room. Look!"

"Ernest, Ernest," said the old man, peering mazedly through his glasses, "why, that isn't Beckford, it's—"

"Sh! don't speak it aloud, there may be listeners, and the crime's forgery! He has enough for one head to bear on it now. And let me give you a hint. I've been trying to keep the affairs of this Bank from getting on to the incurable pass; you've heard the rumors on the street about Clingham & Co. going to the dogs for some weeks past; and I tell you I don't see but it's going to be fact pretty soon. There's been a defalcation lately: the books are coming short at the yearly audit some five thousand dollars; and I don't see how I could hide it, if it were for my own brother. Clingham & Co. will have to know who's the defaulter, and I must tell 'em."

"Beckford?"

"Sh! not so loud. I don't say any thing about it. Only, listen! As you know aught of love for Miss Manton, beware lest she disappear some night to become the mistress of a burglar!"

Once too much, Luke Green! a little beyond the mark of good policy!

Luke Green saw that he had said one of those things which few men, even the most abject, pass unresented, and was about to retreat, for he had not been in a passion; in his engineering, he had carelessly laid his hand upon the wrong tool, misjudging the delicacy of the mind he practiced on—that was all; but it was too late—he had done the harm.

"Sir!" said John Manton, standing erect and untrembling as a young man, "there is not the being on God's earth that could say that thing to me of Nora and stand under my shelter. Leave the room, Luke Green! The little that is left to me of home shall not be polluted by the foot of a man who comes to say such lies of *her!* Out with you. Out!"

"But, my dear friend, one moment—"

"Not an instant! Oblige me by not making more words or acts necessary!"

"Very well, John Manton, very well!"

And uttering these words in the tone of one who is pretty sure that it is going to be any thing but very well in reality, Luke Green glided out as quietly as he had come.

The moment that the door was shut John Manton locked it; and then, as if feeling it safe to abandon his self-control, he threw himself back upon the settee and cried like a child. The shadow of the last twenty years fell over him again, and he withered and bent in it like a cellar-grown leaf. The fire went from his eye, the tension from his muscles, and even the manly sense of indignity from his heart. He only knew that his poor old time-beaten and crumbling tenement of a body had been visited through every crack and cranny by such a gust as had not shaken it for many and many a day. And now, in childlike tears and trembling, he lay exhausted under the reaction.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN avaricious fellow in Brussels gave a large dinner recently. Just as the guests sat down a piercing shriek was heard in the court-yard. The host hurried out, and returned pale, affrighted, and his hands covered with blood.

"What is it?" was the inquiry.

"Alas!" he said, "a poor workman, father of a large family, has met with a terrible accident. He was knocked down by a cart, and grievously wounded. Let us aid him."

A collection was taken up, and the guests contributed 1200 francs. Generous souls! It was the miser's ruse to make them pay for the dinner.

There is a story of a respectable lady, who being pestered for alms by a pertinacious mendicant with—"Do, there's a dear lady! Do, there's a good lady!" finally and wrathfully responded, "If I wasn't a lady, I'd poke this here parasol in your mouth."

"It's a melancholy thing when those you depend on turn against you," as the gentleman said when the baker asked him to pay his bill.

"Sally," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from me or you'll set me on fire."

"No danger of that," replied the girl, "you are too green to burn."

A candidate for the honor of representing four Fife burghs in Parliament calling upon an honest shoemaker for his vote and influence, took the liberty of kissing the gudewife, who was a middle-aged woman, and, in doing so, he took the further liberty of slipping a couple of guineas out of his own mouth into that of the matron. Instead of being offended by such a breach of decorum, the lady slyly said, as she pocketed the two shining pieces, "Gin ye like, Sir, ye *may kiss my dochter, too.*"

Some time ago a professor of legerdemain entertained an audience in a village which was principally composed of colliers. After "astonishing the natives" with various tricks—metamorphosing wine into water, etc.—he asked the loan of a half-penny from any of his admirers. A collier, with a little hesitation, handed out the coin, which the juggler speedily exhibited, as he said, transformed into a guinea.

"An' is that my bawbee?" exclaimed the collier.

"Undoubtedly," answered the juggler.

"Let's see't," said the collier: and turning it round and round in examination with an ecstasy of delight, he thanked the juggler for his kindness, and putting it into his pocket, said, "I'se war'nt ye'll no turn't into a bawbee again."

A small boy was caught stealing dried berries, and was locked up in a dark closet by the grocer. The boy commenced begging most pathetically to be released, and after using all the persuasion that his young mind could invent, he proposed—"Now, if you'll let me out, and send for my daddy, he'll pay you for them, and lick me besides." The grocer man could not withstand this appeal, and released the urchin.

An Irishman being asked whether he did not frequently converse with a friend in Irish, replied: "No, indeed; Jemmy often speaks to me in Irish, but I always answer him in English."—"Why so?"—"Because, you see, I don't want Jemmy to know that I understand Irish."

A fashionable visitor thus addressed a little girl: "How do you do, my little dear?"—"Very well, I thank you," she replied. The visitor then added: "Now, my dear, you must ask how I do." The child honestly replied, "I don't want to know."

"Joe, did you ever dabble in stocks?"—"Well, yes, I put my foot in them once."

The respectable old lady who "raised the rising hope" has gone in search of the blacksmith who "riveted the chain of friendship."

In some cases authorship is but another word for *penury.*

At Newcastle the people must be a youthful set—for all are *miners.*

In a speech on behalf of a blind asylum the orator gravely remarked, "If all the world were blind what a melancholy sight it would be!"

He that swells in prosperity will shrink in adversity.

A medical man asked his legal adviser how he could punish a servant who had stolen a canister of valuable snuff. "I am not aware of any Act," says the lawyer, "that makes it penal to take snuff."

When Mr. White looks black does he change color?

A manufacturer invites the public to come and *see* his *invisible* wire fences.

"Come here, Tom; do you know your A B C's?"
"Yiz, zur, I know a bee sees."

A French writer has lately observed, with commendable caution, that "nearly all men are human."

A prosy novel is opposed to the laws of natural philosophy. Here the line of reflection should never be greater than that of incidents.

What is the difference between a blunder and a wedding? One is a mistake, and the other a take miss.

If a boatswain marries, does his wife become a boatswain's mate?

A provincial reporter elegantly observes of a female pickpocket: "She comes like a sunbeam, and, like it, *steals* noiselessly away."

When Lord Byron was asked whether he did not think Miss Kelly's acting in the "Maid and the Magpie" exceedingly natural? he replied, "I really can not say; I was never unjustly accused of stealing a silver spoon."

"I SAY."—Mrs. Jenkins was in the habit of saying "I say" to almost every sentence to which she gave utterance. On one occasion she rang the bell for her footman, and on his entering she said, "I say, James, I have been to Mrs. Thompson's, and heard say that you said that I am in the habit of saying 'I say' to every word I say. Now, if I do say 'I say' to every word I say, it does not become you to say that I say 'I say' to every word I say, James."

The following explanation of the privilege accorded in Leap Year to ladies to choose husbands is from a work entitled "Courtship, Love, and Matrimonie," printed in the year 1606: "Albeit, it is nowe become a part of the common lawe in regard to social relations of life, that as often as every bissextile year dost return, the ladyes have the sole privilege during the time it continueth of *making love unto the men,* which they doe either by words or looks, as to them seemeth proper; and, moreover, no one will be entitled to the benefit of clergy who doth refuse to accept the offers of a ladye, or who doth in any wise treat her proposal with slight or contumely."

A writer says that the gentle sorts of animals are gradually becoming more ferocious, and the ferocious ones more gentle. Perhaps, then, the time may come when the gentle lion, at sight of the ferocious sheep, will run with all his might—and *mane.*

A man who had been married twice to ladies both named Catherine, advised his friends against taking dupli-Kates.

An old cynic, at a concert one night, read in the programme the title of a song—"Oh! give me a Cot in the Valley I Love." Reading it over attentively, the old fellow finally growled, "Well, if I had my choice, I should ask for a bedstead."

THE ADVANTAGES OF POVERTY AND ADVERSITY.—You wear out your old clothes. You are not troubled with many visitors. You are exonerated from making calls. Bores do not bore you. Sponges can not haunt your table. Itinerant bands do not play opposite your window. You avoid the nuisance of serving on juries. No one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial. No tradesman irritates you by asking, "Is there any other little article to-day, Sir?" Begging letter-writers leave you alone. Impostors know it is useless to bleed you. You practice temperance. You swallow infinitely less poison than others. You are saved many a deception—many a headache. And lastly, if you have a true friend in the world, you are sure, in a very short space of time, to discover the agreeable fact.

An advertisement reads as follows: "Stolen, a watch worth ten guineas. If the thief will return it he shall be informed where he may steal one worth two of it, and no questions asked."

The Irish shopkeeper, who was cheated by an old woman stealing a jar of whisky and leaving a jar of water in its place, described her as speaking a strange dialect, neither Irish nor English. A punster said he had reason to complain of the jar-gon.

HEARTLESS HOAX.—An agriculturist in London, on the 1st of April, goes to the Zoological Gardens with a recommendation, which he follows, to ask to be shown the two-horned dilemma.

EXTREMELY GREEN.—Secret drawers should never be made of green wood, or secrets, at least, should never be deposited in them, from the very great risk they run of splitting.

BEFORE AND AFTER.—A hen-pecked husband writes: "Before marriage I fancied wedded life would be all sunshine; but afterward I found out that it was all moonshine."

One ought to have dates at one's finger-ends, seeing they grow upon the palm.

Apropos of earthquakes—one touch of nature makes the whole world kick.

"Whose son are you, my little boy?" "I ain't nobody's son; I'm Mr. Thomson's nephew, Sir."

We suppose that a man who never speaks may be said always to keep his word.

"Sir, have you read the ode I composed to Sleep?"
"Oh yes, and it composed *me* to sleep."

Isn't it rather an odd fact in natural history that the *softest* water is caught when it rains the *hardest?*

An eminent artist of the day is about getting up a "panorama of a law-suit." It opens in the year one, and closes with doomsday.

Why should potatoes grow better than any other vegetable?—Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

There is a man in town so knowing that people who don't know their own minds come to him for information on the subject.

It should be remembered that a bare assertion is not necessarily the naked truth.

A bad hat, taken to an evening party, frequently comes out the next day as good as new.

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A clergyman writing from Morristown, Ohio, speaking of the beneficial effects resulting from the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches," says: "Last Spring I feared my lungs were becoming dangerously involved, and until I used your Troches could not preach a sermon of ordinary length, without hoarseness; but now (with the assistance of 'Troches') I have in the past five weeks preached some forty sermons."

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(From the Rev. Dr. Prime.)

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No. CXVIII.] CONTENTS. [MARCH.

THE BALLAD OF VALLEY FORGE. By R. H. STODDARD.

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